

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,
ROMEO AND JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO,

A GLOSSARY.

AN INDEX.

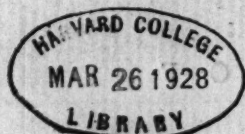
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WORKS



Gift of
S. H. A. R. W. W. Naumburg

VOLUME THE FIRST

CONTAINING

SOME OF THE

WATERS

OF THE

ATLANTIC

COAST

B. D. I. N. E. U. R. O. M.

Printed by A. J. ... and John ...

... and ... of ...

...

ROMEO and JULIET*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, <i>Prince of Verona.</i>	Sampson, <i>servant to Capulet.</i>
Paris, <i>a young nobleman in love with Juliet, and kinsman to the Prince.</i>	Gregory, <i>servant to Capulet.</i>
Montague, <i>two Lords of ancient families, enemies to each other.</i>	Abram, <i>servant to Montague.</i>
Capulet, <i>two Lords of ancient families, enemies to each other.</i>	Apothecary.
Romeo, <i>son to Montague.</i>	Simon Catling, <i>three musicians.</i>
Mercutio, <i>kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.</i>	Hugh Rebeck,
Benvolio, <i>kinsman and friend to Romeo.</i>	Samuel Soundboard,
Tybalt, <i>kinsman to Capulet.</i>	Peter, <i>servant to the nurse.</i>
Friar Lawrence.	Lady Montague, <i>wife to Montague.</i>
Friar John.	Lady Capulet, <i>wife to Capulet.</i>
Balthazar, <i>servant to Romeo.</i>	Juliet, <i>daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.</i>
Page to Paris.	Nurse to Juliet.
	Chorus.
	<i>Citizens of Verona, several men and women relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other attendants.</i>

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua, during all the rest of the play, in and near Verona.

PROLOGUE.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our scene),
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,

• The plot of this play is taken from an Italian novel of Bandello.

*Which but their childrens' end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The street in Verona.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers,
two servants of the Capulets.*

Sam. GREGORY, on my word, we'll not
carry coals*.

Greg. No; for then we should be col-
liers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the
collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to
stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest
goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weakest,
are ever thrust to the wall:— therefore I will push
Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids
to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us
their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when
I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the
maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maiden-
heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

* A phrase then in use, to signify the bearing injuries.

Sam.

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Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand ;
and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish: if thou hadst,
thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool, here
comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back
thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry; I fear thee! —

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it
as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at
them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say Ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir; I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir:
but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good
a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my master's
kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember
thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death [hinds?

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [Fight.

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs.

Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them
down!

Down with the Capulets, down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword,
ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch:—why call you for
a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say: old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet—Hold me not, let
me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel ———
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave, beseeming ornaments;

To

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankered hate;
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away,
You Capulet shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

S C E N E II.

La. Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And your's, close fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn,
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O where is Romeo! saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
'Pear'd through the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city-side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Tow'rd him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
(That most are busied when they're most alone),
Pursued my humour, not pursuing him;
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning-dew;
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:

But

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed;
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My Noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say how true;
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet wings to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: so please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love:

Ben. Alas, that love so gentle in his view,

Should

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Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see path-ways to his ill!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. [here?

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

Oh, any thing of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoak, cold fire, sick health,

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this,

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have them press'd

With more of thine; this love that thou hast shewn,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoak rais'd with the fume of sighs,

Being purge'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewel, my cousin.

[Going.

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself, I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I grone, and tell thee?

Ben. Grone? why, no; but sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will?—

O word ill urge'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman;—and she's fair
I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom.

Rom. But in that hit you miss; — she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit:
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor 'bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
 O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
 That when she dies, with her dies Beauty's store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
 chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
 For beauty, starv'd with her severity, [waste,
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
 She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
 To merit bliss by making me despair;
 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
 Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way.

To call her's (exquisite) in question more;
 Those happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
 Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III *Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.*

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
 And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
 But now, my Lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap.

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old-accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more,
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark even light.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see.
And like her most whose merit most shall be :
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, firrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there ; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Ser. Find them out whose names are written here ?—
It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard, and the tailor with his last, and the fisher with
his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am
sent to find those persons whose names are here writ ;
and can never find what names the writing person hath
here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time,—

Enter

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish:
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One desperate grief cure with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented: and—Good e'en good fellow.

[To the Servant.]

Ser. God gi' good e'en. I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but,
I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.—

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

He reads the letter.

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; Count Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; the Lady, widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucie, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Ser. Up.—

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To supper, to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come, and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

[Exit.]

Ben.

Ben At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires!
And these who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by;
Herself pois'd with herself, in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will shew you, shining at this feast;
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go alone, no such sight to be shewn;
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV. *Changes to Capulet's house.*

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maidenhead, at twelve years
old) I bade her come; what, lamb,— what, lady-bird,
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave a
while, we must talk in secret: nurse, come back again,
I have remember'd me. thou shalt hear our counsel:
thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my
teen be it spoken, I have but four), she's not fourteen.

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B

How

How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. 'Even or odd, of all days in the year, come
' Lammas eve at night, shall she be fourteen. Susan
' and she (God rest all Christian souls!) were of an
' age. Well, Susan is with God, she was too good for
' me. But as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she
' be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well.
' 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she
' was wean'd; I never shall forget it, of all the days in
' the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-
' wood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dove-
' house wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua—
' nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said, when it did
' taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and
' felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall
' out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-house—
' 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and since
' that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand
' alone; nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and
' waddled all about; for even the day before she
' broke her brow, and then my husband (God be with
' his soul, a' was a merry man) took up the child; Yea,
' quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face; thou wilt
' fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou
' not, Julé? and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch
' left crying, and said Ay. To see now how a jest shall
' come about.—I warrant, an' I should live a thou-
' sand years, I should not forget it. Wilt thou not,
' Julé? quoth he; and, pretty fool, it stinted, and said
' Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam: yet I cannot chuse but laugh,
to think it should leave crying, and say Ay; and yet
I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a
young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried
bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy
face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to
age, wilt thou not, Julé? it stinted, and said Ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd. [grace!
An' I might live to see thee married once,

I have

I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse, I'd say thou had'st suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, [than you Are made already mothers. By my count, I was your mother much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief; The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young Lady, Lady, such a man As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you, can you like the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast:

Read o'er the volume of young Prais' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry sev'ral lineament,

And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many eyes doth share the glory.
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story,
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up,
you call'd, my young Lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd

in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you, follow strait.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A street before Capulet's house.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six other maskers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor a without book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stokes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers: and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it, should you burthen love:
Too great oppression for a tender thing!

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down
Give me a case to put my visage in? [*Pulling off his mask.*]
A visard for a visard?—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

* ——— follow strait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

SCENE E, &c.

Ben.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder and look on. *

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was your's?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. ——— In bed asleep; while they do dream
things true.

Mer. 'O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you;
' She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes
' In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
' On the fore-finger of an alderman;
' Drawn with a team of little atomies;
' Athwart mens' noses as they lie asleep:
' Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
' The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
' The traces of the smallest spider's web;
' The collars of the moonshine's watry beams;
' Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
' Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
' Not half so big as a round little worm,
' Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
' Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
' Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
' Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:

* ——— and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! *aun's the mouse*, the constable's own word;

If thou art done, we'll draw thee from the mire;

Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest

Up to thine ears: come we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay

We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.

Take our good meanings, for our judgment sits

Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream, &c.

' And in this stage she gallops, night by night,
 ' Thro' lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 ' On courtiers' knees, that dream on curties' strait :
 ' O'er lawyers' fingers, who strait dream on fees :
 ' O'er ladies' lips, who strait on kisses dream ;
 ' Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 ' Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are,
 ' Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 ' And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 ' And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 ' Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;
 ' Then dreams he of another benefice.
 ' Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 ' And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
 ' Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 ' Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 ' Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes ;
 ' And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 ' And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 ' That plates the manes of horses in the night,
 ' And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 ' Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 ' This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 ' That presses them, and learns them first to bear ;
 ' Making them women of good carriage.
 ' This is she ———

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy ;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind ; who woos
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves ;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early ; for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels ; and expire the term

Sc 6. ROMEO AND JULIET.

19

Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my suit*! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[They march about the stage, and exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Changes to a hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter Servants, with napkins.

1 *Ser.* "Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take
"away; he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!"

2 *Ser.* "When good manners shall lie all in one or
"two mens' hands, and they unwaith'd too, 'tis a foul
"thing."

1 *Ser.* "Away with the joint-stools, remove the
"court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, save
"me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lovest me,
"let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—
"Antony, and Potpan——"

2 *Ser.* "Ay, boy, ready."

1 *Ser.* "You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and
"fought for, in the great chamber."

2 *Ser.* "We cannot be here and there too; cheerly,
"boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take
"all."

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Enter all the Guests and Ladies, with the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have
your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

I'll swear hath corns; am I come near you now?

Welcome, all, Gentleman. I've seen the day

That I have worn a visard, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;

And quench the fire the room is grown too hot.

* *quit, for co. r. s. way; not how-quit.*

Ah,

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
 Nay, fit; nay fit, good cousin Capulet,
 For you and I are past our dancing days.
 How long is't now since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, [much;
 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:
 His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
 "Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 "Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And, touching her's, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight;
 I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice should be a Montague.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the slave
 Come hither coyer'd with an antic face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm
 you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe:
 A villain that is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo, is't?

Tyb. That villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
 He bears him like a portly gentleman:

And

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. "He shall be endur'd."

"Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame),
"I'll make you quiet—What? cheerly, my hearts."

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To Juliet.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
Which mannerly devotion shews in this; [much,
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer,

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.

They pray, (grant thou), lest faith turn to despair †
Nurse.

Cap. "He shall be endur'd."

"What, Goodman boy—I say, he shall. Go to—"

"Am I the master here, or you? go to—"

"You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,

"You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

"You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man?"

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. "Go to, go to,

"You are a fey boy—is't so, indeed?

"This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.

"You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.

"Well said, my hearts.—You are a primcox, go:—"

"Be quiet, &c.

† ——— turn to despair,

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' sake,

Rom.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? [*To her nurse.*]

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet!

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? why, then I thank you all.

I thank you, honest Gentlemen, good night.

More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,

Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late.

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance!

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen, unknown, and known too late;

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purge'd. [*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass, sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, &c.

SC I. ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Of one I dance'd withal. [*One calls within* Juliet.

Nurse. Anon, anon —

Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now old Desire doth on his death-bed lie,

And young Affection gapes to be his heir :

That fair, for which love gron'd sore, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks :

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks,

Being held a foe he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;

And she, as much in love, her means much less,

To meet her new-beloved any where.

But passion lends them power, time means to meet ;

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit Chorus.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The street.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center
out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stoln him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied,

Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname to her purblind son and heir.

(Young

(Young Abraham * Cupid, he that shot so true,
 When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid —)
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, : 'twould anger him,
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down :
 That were some spight. My invocation is
 Honest and fair, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be comforted with the hum'rous night.
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
 Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Changes to Capulet's garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound—
 But, soft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

* This probably was a name stupidly given to Cupid in the old ballad here referred to of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid.

Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off —
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses;—I will answer it—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
She how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
Unto the white up-turned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; Romeo, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,

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C

Take

Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but *love*, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreen'd in
So stumblest on my counsel. [night,

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these
For stony limits cannot hold love out; [walls,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny

What

What I have spoke—but farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say *Ay*;
 And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear’st,
 Thou may’st prove false; at lovers’ perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if you think I am too quickly won,
 I’ll frown and be perverse, and say thee *Nay*,
 So thou wilt woo: but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
 And therefore thou may’st think my ’haviour light.
 But trust me, Gentleman, I’ll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard’st, ere I was ’ware,
 My true love’s passion; therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th’ inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I’ll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart’s love——

Jul. Well, do not swear—although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night.

It is too rash, too unadvis’d, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say it lightens—Sweet, good night.
 This bud of love by summer’s ripening breath
 May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
 Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th’ exchange of thy love’s faithful vow for
 mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have,
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse. — Sweet Montague, be true :
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream ;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night in-
If that thy bent of love be honourable, [deed.
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within, Madam,*

I come. anon — but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee — [*Within, Madam.*] By and by,
I come —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul, —

Jul. A thousand times good night. [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as schoolboys from their books ;
But love from love, tow'rd school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again —
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine.

With

With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o' clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then,—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there;
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
' And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
' That let's it hop a little from her hand,
' Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
' And with a silk-thread plucks it back again,
' So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
' Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light:
And darkness flecker'd, like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's burning wheels.
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must fill up this osier-cage of ours
 Which baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
 Nor nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give:
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime by action's dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicinal power:
 For this being smelt, with that sense cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd kin incamp them still
 In man, as well as herbs, grace and rude will:
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full-soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lie:
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art uprous'd by some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom.

Sc. 3. ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies;
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;
As mine on her's, so her's is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young mens love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline?
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste?
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears.
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'dst me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. Oh, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, and go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be !
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to the street.*

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? came
he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale, hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline, torments him so, that he will sure run
mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead ! stabb'd
with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear
with a love-song ; the very pin of his heart cleft with
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ; and is he a man to en-
counter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, * ? — Oh, he's the
courageous captain of compliments ; he fights as you
sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion ;
retts his minum, one, two, and the third in your bottom ;
the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ;

* *Tybalt*, the name given to the cat in the story-book of *Reynold the Fox*.

a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay! —

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents: — “Jesu! a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good”
“whore! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire! that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moy's*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's* their *bon's*!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rime her: Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots: Thisbe a grey eye or so: but now to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bonjour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop.*

Rom. Good morrow to you both!

Enter

* ——— to your French slop, you gave us the counterfeit fairly last night:

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as your's constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit — follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely angular.

Rom.

Enter Nurse, and Peter her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear: a fail! a fail!

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock,

Nurse. Peter, ——

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. O single sol'd jest,
Solely single for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs,
Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word *broad*, which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better than groaning for love? Now thou art sociable; now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this drivling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Good morrow, &c.

Rom.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said: for himself to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo.

Rom. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, i' faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho! †——
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady;
Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An' a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

[*To her man.*]

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant

† ——— So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come, &c.

you.

you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers—Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee——

Nurse. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon.

And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir: well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now, God in heav'n blefs thee! hark you Sir.

Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest Lady;
Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prattling thing—O,—
there is a Nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a
toad,

toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her, that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not Rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse, what of that? both with an *R*.

Nurse Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. *R* is for thee? No: I know it begins with another letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady — [Exit *Rom.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. Peter. —

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Changes to Capulet's house.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him — that's not so —

Oh, she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

Therefore do nimble pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey: and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours — and yet she is not come;

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me.

Enter Nurse with Peter.

O God, she comes. O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit *Peter.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet Nurse, —

O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Tho' news be sad, yet tell them merrily:

If good, thou shalt hear the music of sweet news,

By playing 't to me with so froward a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while ;

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had ?

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news !
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak—Good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu ! what haste ? Can you not stay a while ?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
To say to me, that thou art out of breath ? [breath,
Th' excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you
know not how to chuse a man : Romeo, no, not he ;
tho' his face be no better than another man's, yet his
legs excel all mens ; and for a hand, and a foot, and
a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are
past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy *, but
I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb—Go thy ways,
wench, serve God—What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no—but all this did I know before :
What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes ! what a head have I !
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' th' other side—O my back, my back :
Beswore your heart, for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art so ill.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? how oddly thou reply'st !

Your love says like an honest gentleman : —

Where is your mother ? —

Nurse. O, God's Lady dear,
Are you so hot ? marry, come up, I trow,

* i. e. no *sep* ; this being one of their titles at that time.

Is this the poultis for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says Romeo?

Nurse Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church, I must another away,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune;—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can.

It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,

That one short minute gives me in her sight.

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. "These violent delights have violent ends,

"And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,

"Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey

Is lothsome in its own deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite;

Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;

'A lover may bestride the gossamer,

'That idles in the wanton summer-air,

And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich music's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone, [work;
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The street.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.

Ben. I Pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows; that when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
upon the table, and says, God send me no need of thee!
and by the operation of the second cup, draws it on
the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy; and as soon mov'd to be moody,
and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two such, we should have
'none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou!
'why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair
'more

‘ more or a hair less in his beard, than thou hast : thou
 ‘ wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no
 ‘ other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes; what
 ‘ eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel?
 ‘ thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of
 ‘ meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle
 ‘ as an egg, for quarrelling: thou hast quarrel’d with
 ‘ a man for coughing in the street, because he hath
 ‘ wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.
 ‘ Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his
 ‘ new doublet before Easter? with another for tying
 ‘ his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt
 ‘ tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any
 man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour
 and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple; O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
 Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it
 with something, make it a word and a blow

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if
 you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without gi-
 ving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort’st with Romeo ———

Mer. Consort! what dost thou make us minstrels!
 if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but
 discords here’s my fiddlestick; here’s that shall make
 you dance. Zounds! consort?

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
 Either withdraw unto some private place,
 Or reason coldly of your grievances,
 Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens’ eyes were made to look, and let them
 I will not budge for no man’s pleasure, I. *[gaze.]*

And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

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I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone, [work;
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

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more or a hair less in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple; O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

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Mer. By my heel, I care not.

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Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

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Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo——

Mer. Consort! what dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! consort?

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens' eyes were made to look, and let them
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I. *[gaze.]*

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower; Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee, can afford No better term than this, thou art a villain. —

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting. Villain I am none; Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love. And so, good Capulet, (whose name I tender As dearly as my own), be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Ab! la Stoccata carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilche by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[*Mercutio and Tybalt fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio—beat down their weapons—Gentlemen—for shame, forbear this outrage—

Tybalt—Mercutio—the Prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt,—good Mercutio. [*Exit Tybalt.*]

Mer. I am hurt——

A plague of both the houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer.

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houses! What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint; a plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too. Plague o' your houses!
[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

S C E N E II.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander; Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin: O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive? in triumph? and Mercutio slain?
Away to heav'n, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb.

Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, begone:

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain—
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit Romeo.]

SCENE III. Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murthurer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio

La Cap. Tybalt my cousin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy fight! alas, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman— Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

Prince. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

Hold,

Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and, swifter than his
His agil arm beats down their fatal points. [tongue,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning : for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
And as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give ;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

La. Mont. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's
friend ;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your heats' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses ;
Therefore use none ; let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [Exeunt,

S C E N E IV.

Changes to an apartment in Capulet's house.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Tow'rd's Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,

And

And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
 That th' runaway's * eyes may wink; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
 By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil Night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads,
 Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, Night, come, Romeo! come, thou day in night,
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than snow upon a raven's back:
 Come, gentle Night; come, loving black-brow'd Night;
 Give me my Romeo, and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and though I am fold,
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter nurse with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heav'nly eloquence.
 Now, nurse, what news? what hast thou there?
 The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 We are undone, Lady, we are undone. —
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

* That is, the sun; whom he elegantly calls the *runaway*, in reference to the poetical account of the sun driving his chariot of light through the heavens, and running down to the west from the eyes of mortals to the arms of his celestial mistress.

Jul.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though heav'n cannot. O Romeo! Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it, Romeo?

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I;

And that bare vowel, ~~I~~, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

(God save the mark), here on his manly breast.

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart—poor bankrupt, break at

To prison eyes! ne'er look on liberty; [once!

Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had:

O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary!

Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer Lord?

Then let the trumpet sound the general doom,

For who are living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

[Ravenous dove, feather'd raven! wolfish ravening

Despised substance, of divinest show! [lamb!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!]*

O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

* These four lines in hooks seem to be the players' trash.

In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty, in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forsworn; all nought; and all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man ! give me some *aqua vita* —
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old !
Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame ;
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit :
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide him so ?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
Ab. poor my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
Jul. When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it !
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have kill'd my husband;
All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murther'd me ; I would forget it fain.
But, oh ! it presses to my memory,
Like damn'd guilty deeds to sinners' minds ;
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished !
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts : Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
Or if four woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's *dead*,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both ?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished — to speak that word,
Is, father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead ! — *Romeo is banished !*

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment [spent,
Take up those cords;—poor ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd.

He made you for a high-way to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden widowed.
Come, cord; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts, [man;
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such foul company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doom's-day is the Prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment even'd * from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say, banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,

* i. e. came equitably from his lips.

But purgatory, Tartar, hell itself.
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world ;
And world-exil'd is death. That banished
Is death misterm'd : calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death : but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word *death* to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heav'n is here
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
A little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her ;
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies, than Romeo ; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
(Which even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin).
This may flies do, when I from this must fly ;
(And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?).
But Romeo may not ; — he is banished.
Hadt thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, tho' ne'er so mean,
But banished to kill me ? banished ?
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word, *banishment* !

Fri. Fond madman, hear me speak. —

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet, banished ? hang up philosophy.
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevail's not, talk no more —

Fri.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might thou tear thy
And fall upon the ground as I do now, [hair,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knock.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock! — (Who's there?) —

Romeo, arise.

Thou wilt be taken — (Stay a while) — stand up;

[*Knocks.*]

Run to my study — (By and by) — God's will!

What wilfulness is this? — I come, I come. [*Knock.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
I come from Lady Juliet. [my errand:]

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my Lady's Lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case, O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering,
Stand up, stand up; — Stand, an' you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an Oh! —

Rom. Nurse! —

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir! — Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
 Doth not she think me an old murtherer,
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
 With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how does she? and what says
 My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir; but weeps and
 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up: [weeps;
 And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
 And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murther her, as that name's cursed hand
 Murther'd her kinsman.—Tell me, Friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand.
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art.
 Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
 Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
 An ill-beseeming beast in seeming groth!
 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heav'n, and earth,
 Since birth, and heav'n, and earth, all three so meet,
 In thee atone; which thou at once would'st lose!
 Fie! fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed,
 Which should thy shape bedeck, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man:
 Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,

And

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What rouse thee ; man, thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead :
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there thou'rt happy too.
 The law that threat'ned death, became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile ; there art thou happy ;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
 But, like a misbehav'd and fullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her.
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set ;
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua :
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, Nurse ; commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all night long,
 To hear good counsel : oh, what learning is !
 My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Sojourn in Mantu ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here.

Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to Capulet's house.*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
 That

That we have had no time to move our daughter.
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I.—Well, we were born to die —
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
 Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow.
 To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a separate tender
 Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
 In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
 Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love,
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next,—
 But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? Ha! ha! well, Wednesday is too
 On Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her, [soon,
 She shall be married to this Noble Earl
 Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
 We'll keep no great a-do—a friend or two—
 For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
 Therefore we'll have some half a-dozen friends,
 And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My Lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on Thursday be it then.
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed. [*To Lady Cap.*
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
 Farewel, my Lord Light to my chamber, ho!
 'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by. Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Juliet's chamber looking to the garden.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet, above, at a window; a ladder
 of ropes set.*

Jul. ' Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.

It

- ‘ It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
- ‘ That pierce’d the fearful hollow of thine ear;
- ‘ Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree.
- ‘ Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. ‘ It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 ‘ No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
 ‘ Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 ‘ Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 ‘ Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains’ tops.
 ‘ I must be gone, and live; or stay, and die.

Jul. ‘ Yon light is not day-light, I know it well :
 ‘ It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 ‘ To be this night a torch-bearer,
 ‘ And light thee on thy way to Mantua ;
 ‘ Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. ‘ Let me be ta’en, let me be put to death ;
 ‘ I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
 ‘ I’ll say, yon grey is not the morning’s eye,
 ‘ ’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow;
 ‘ Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 ‘ The vaulty heav’ns so high above our heads.
 ‘ I have more care to stay, than will to go.
 ‘ Come, death, and welcome : Juliet wills it so.
 ‘ How is’t, my soul? let’s talk, it is not day.’

Jul. It is, it is : hie hence, begone, away :
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
 This doth not so : for she divideth us.
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
 O, now I wot they have chang’d voices too * !
 O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—More dark and dark
 our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam,——

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your Lady-mother’s coming to your chamber:

* Alluding to the notion of the vulgar, because the lark, with a sweet pipe, hath little ugly eyes; and the toad large and fine eyes, but a dismal croaking voice.

The

The day is broke, be wary look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out

Rom. Farewel, farewel; one kifs, and I'll descend.

Romeo descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah husband!
I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour, [*friend!*]
For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.—

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;

Either my eye sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And truit me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[*Exit Romeo.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my Lady-mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures * her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An' if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore have done. Some grief shews much of love;
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

* *procures, for brings.*

La. Cap.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot chuse but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. [death,

Jul. What villain, Madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder. [*Aside.*
God pardon him! I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor lives.

Jul. I, Madam, from the reach of these my hands:—
'Would none but I might 'venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more: I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd?
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd—and cannot come to him—
To wreck the love I bore my slaughter'd cousin,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
But now I tell thee joyful tidings, girl. [man.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child:
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,

Shall

Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.

I pray you tell my lord and father, Madam,

I will not marry yet: and when I do,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. When the fun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the funset of my brother's son

It rains downright——

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore show'ring? in one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs,

Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body——How now, wife?

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you
I would the fool were married to her grave! [thanks:

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud, doth she not count her blest'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you
Proud can I never be of what I hate, [have.

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! Chop logic! what is
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not! [this?

And yet not proud!——Why, Mistress Minion you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds;

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church:

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest'd,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven blest her!
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my Lady Wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason—O, god-ye-good-den—
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night,
At home, abroad, alone, in company, [late, early,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—
I am too young,—I pray you pardon me—
But if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:

If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' th' streets;
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good.
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. *[Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away,
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *[Exit.*

Jul. O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on earth; my faith in heav'n;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heav'n,
 By leaving earth? — Comfort me, counsel me.
 Alack, alack, that Heav'n should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort nurse —

Nurse. 'Faith, here it is:
 Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then since the case so stands, as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the Count.
 Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, Madam;
 Hath not so keen, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first; or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living hence, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart!

Nurse. And from my soul too,
 Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
 Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient Damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor, —
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

Fri. **O**N Thursday, Sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now, do you know the reason of this haste?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*]

Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that :
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears, with that
report

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth ;
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening-mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My Lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion.

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :
Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit Paris.*]

Jul. Go, shut the door ; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear you must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's ; thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed.
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long experience'd time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall

Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cops with death himself, to 'scape from it :
And if thou dar'st I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam ;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens' rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapeless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
(Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me trem-
And I will do it without fear or doubt, [ble) ;
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris ; Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night, look that thou lie alone,
(Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber) ;
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes ; the eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death :

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua;
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the phial.*]

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve; I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help
 afford.

Farewel, dear father! ———

SCENE II. *Changes to Capulet's house.*

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three
 Servants.*

Cap. So many guests invite, as here are writ;
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks *
 We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time:
 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

* ————twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir; for I'll try if they can lick their
 fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers:
 therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

We shall be much, &c.

Nurse.

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her :
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry
look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong ? where have you
been gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests ; and 'am injoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this ;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at Lawrence's cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well, stand up ;
This is as't should be ; let me see the County :
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her ; we'll to church to-
morrow

[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision ;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone :
I'll play the housewife for this once. — What, ho !
They are all forth ; well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Lady Capulet.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to Juliet's chamber.*

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best ; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself to-night :

For I have need of many orisons.

To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La Cap. What, are you busy, do you need my help ?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you :

For I am sure you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

La Cap. Good night,

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Farewel — God knows when we shall meet
again !

• I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

• That almost freezes up the heat of life.

• I'll call them back again to comfort me.

• Nurse — what should she do here ?

• My dismal scene I needs must act alone :

• Come, phial — What if this mixture do not work at all ?

• Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count ?

• No, no, this shall forbid it ; lie thou there —

[*Pointing to a dagger.*]

• What if it be a poison which the Friar

• Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,

• Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

• Because he married me before to Romeo :

• I fear it is ; and yet methinks it should not,

• For he hath still been tried a holy man —

• How, if, when I am laid in the tomb,

• I wake before the time that Romeo

• Comes to redeem me : there's a fearful point !

• Shall

- ' Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 ' To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 ' And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 ' Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 ' The horrible conceit of death and night,
 ' Together with the terror of the place,
 ' (As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 ' Where for these many hundred years, the bones
 ' Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
 ' Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 ' Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 ' At some hours in the night spirits resort —)
 ' Alas, alas ! is it not like that I
 ' So early waking, what with lothsome smells
 ' And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 ' That living mortals, hearing them, run mad. —
 ' Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 ' (Invironed with all these hideous fears),
 ' And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
 ' And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 ' And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 ' As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains ?
 ' O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 ' Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 ' Upon a rapier's point. — Stay, Tybalt, stay !
 ' Romeo, I come ! this I do drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV. *Changes to Capulet's hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ; the second cock hath
The curfeu-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock : [crow'd,
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica.
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go ;
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow,

For

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a lefs cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
time;

But I will watch you from such watching, now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood —
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste. make haste; firrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. 'Mafs, and well said, a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good faith, 'tis day.

[*Play music.*]

The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.

Nurse,—wife,—what, ho! what, nurse, I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridegroom he is come already;
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt Capulet and Nurse, severally.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Juliet's chamber, Juliet on a bed.

Re-enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress,—what, mistress! Juliet — Fast, I
warrant her,

Why, lamb—why, lady—Fie, you slug-a-bed —

Why, love, I say — Madam, sweet-heart — why,
bride —

What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; the next night I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,

That

That you shall rest but little — God forgive me —
 Marry, and amen! — How sound is she asleep?
 I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
 Ay, let the County take you in your bed —
 He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
 What! dress'd and in your cloaths — and down again?
 I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady —
 Alas! alas! help! help! my Lady's dead.
 O well-a-day that ever I was born!
 Some *aqua vita*, ho! my Lord, my Lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurse. Look, — oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
 Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her Lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead: alack the
 day!
Cap. Ha! let me see her — Out, alas! she's cold;
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff:
 Life and these lips have long been separated:
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flow'r of all the field.
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak. [wail,

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris, with musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
 O son, the night before thy wedding-day
 Hath death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,
 Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him:
 Death is my son-in-law. —

Par,

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this!

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! oh woful woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day? oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this!
Oh woful day, oh woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown: —
O love, O life, not life, but love in death! —

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! My soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! dead, alack! my child is dead;
And with my child, my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho. for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions; heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heav'n hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heav'n keeps his part in eternal life,
The most you fought, was her promotion;
For 'twas your heav'n, she should be advance'd:
And weep you now, seeing she is advance'd
Above the clouds, as high as heav'n itself?
Oh, in this love you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
And in her best array, bear her to church.
For tho' some nature bids us all lament,

Yet

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their offices to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding-cheer to a sad funeral feast;
Our solemn hymns to fullen dirges change,
Our bridal-flow'rs serve for a buried corse;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heav'ns do lowr upon you for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*]

SCENE VI. *Manent Musicians and Nurse.*

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows: ah, put up, put up;
For well you know this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease:*
Oh, an' you will have me live, play *heart's ease.*

Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays, *My heart itself is full of woe.* O, play me some merry dump to comfort me!

Mus. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *sa* you, do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* and *sa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:— answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

Then music with her silver sound ———

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say, *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! what say you, Samuel Soundboard?

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *finger*, I will say for you. It is music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding.

The music with her silver sound

Doth lend redress.

[*Exit singing.*]

Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattering ruth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's Lord sits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dream'd, my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think),
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona——How now, Balthasar?

I

Doft

Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Balth. No, my good Lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's see for means—O Mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!

• I do remember an apothecary,
• And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
• In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
• Culling of simples; meagre were his looks;
• Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
• And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
• An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
• Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
• A beggarly account of empty boxes;
• Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
• Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
• Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An' if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house,
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see that thou art poor:
 Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
 As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharge'd of breath,
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. 'Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 'And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;
 'Need and Oppression stare within thine eyes,
 'Contempt and Beggary hang upon thy back.
 'The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 'The world affords no law to make thee rich,
 'Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off; and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. —
 Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
 Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to the monastery at Verona.*

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! brother! ho!

Enter

Enter Friar Lawrence to him.

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it; here it is again;
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice*, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*Changes to a church-yard: in it a monument belonging
to the Capulets.*

Enter Paris, and his Page, with a light.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground;

* nice, so. of trifling import.

So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
 But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
 Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*]

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
 strew. [*Strewing flowers.*]

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
 Accept this latest favour at my hand;
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[*The boy whistles.*]

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach.—
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
 What? with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Romeo and Bathasar with a light.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
 Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is partly to behold my lady's face:
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone.
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
 The time and my intents are savage, wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that;

Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Exit Balth.

Rom. Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,
Gorge'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the monument.*

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin; (with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd);

And here is come to do some villanous shame:

To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;

Obeys, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;

Fly hence and leave me: think upon those gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Pull not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!

By heav'n, I love thee better than myself;

For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls.*

Page. Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruse this face—

Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County Paris!

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me, Paris should have married Juliet.

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in four Misfortune's book,
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
 A grave? O no; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth;
 For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death.—O, how may I
 Call this a lightning!—O my love, my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To funder his that was thy enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark, to be his paramour!
 For fear of that I still will stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss,
 A dateless bargain to ingrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct! come, unsav'ry guide!
 Thou desprate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark.

Here's

Sc. 4. ROMEO AND JULIET.

79

Here's to my love ! oh, true apothecary !

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Drinks the poison.*]
[*Dies.*]

Enter Friar Lawrence with lanthorn, crow and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ? Who's there ?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelets' skulls as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulets monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy Sir;
And there's my master, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it ?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone ; fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dream'd my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo !

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?
What mean these matterless and goary swords,
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?
Romeo ! oh pale ! Who elie ? what ! Paris too ?
And steep'd in blood ? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance ?
The lady stirs.

Jul [*awaking*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my
I do remember well where I should be ; [Lord ?
And

And there I am ; but where is Romeo ?

Fri. I hear some noise ! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep ;
A greater power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted out intents ; come, come away ;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too. — — Come, I'll dispose of thee
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question. for the watch is coming.

Come, go, good Juliet ; I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after ? I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them ;
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy, which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger !

[*Finding a dagger.*]

This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

[*Kills herself.*]

Boy. This is the place ; there where the torch doth
burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the
church-yard ;

Go, some of you, whom e'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*]

Pitiful sight ! here lies the County slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince, run to the Capulets,
Raise up the Montagues ; some others, search —
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie :
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the
church-yard.

1 Watch.

Sc. 5. ROMEO AND JULIET. 81

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman with Friar Lawrence.

3 Watch. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion: stay the Friar too.

SCENE V. *Enter the Prince, and Attendants.*

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry, *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and some, *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince Search, seek, and know, how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead mens' tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! the sheath
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince.

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Grief of my son's exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince.

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of Outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,
And let Mischance be slave to Patience.
Bring forth the parties of Suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected ; as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stoln marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doom's-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage ;
Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended ; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave ;
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back ; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault :

Meaning

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The Noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desp'rate would not go with me :
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy ; but if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrifice'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say to this ?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threat'ned me with death going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch ?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his Lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him ;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pöthecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love ?
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punish'd !

Cap.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his Lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

HAMLET,

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, <i>King of Denmark.</i>	Bernardo, } <i>two soldiers.</i>
Fortinbras, <i>Prince of Norway.</i>	Francisco, }
Hamlet, <i>son to the former, and nephew to the present King.</i>	Reynoldo, <i>servant to Polonius.</i>
Polonius, <i>Lord Chamberlain.</i>	<i>Ghost of Hamlet's father.</i>
Horatio, <i>friend to Hamlet.</i>	Gertiude, <i>Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.</i>
Laertes, <i>son to Polonius.</i>	Ophelia, <i>daughter to Polonius, beloved by Hamlet.</i>
Voltimand, }	Ladies attending on the Queen.
Cornelius, }	Players, Grave makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.
Rosincrantz, }	
Guildenstern, }	
Osrick, <i>a fop.</i>	
Marcellus, <i>an officer.</i>	

SCENE, Elsinoor.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A platform before the palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two centinels.

Ber. **W**H O's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

* The story is taken from Saxo Grammaticus's Danish history.

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals * of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier; who hath reliev'd
you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place: give you good night.
[*Exit Francisco.*]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo,——

Ber. Say, what, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him. [Giving his hand.]

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernado speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same star that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,——

Mar. Peace, break thee off.

* *ri-ah*, for partners.

Enter

Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometime march? By Heav'n, I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and try'd avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on;
When he th' ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the fleaded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange ———

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour;
With martial stalk, he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subjects of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image but even now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride),
Dar'd to the fight: in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law of heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved * mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shar'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our state,
But to recover of us by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so.

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King,
That was, and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

" In the most high and palmy † state of Rome,

" A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

" The graves stood tenantless, the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;

* unimproved, ior unrefined.

† palmy, for victorious.

" Stars

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" Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
 " Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
 " Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 " Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce * events,
 As harbingers preceeding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen † coming on,
 Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay illusion!
 [Spreading his arms.]

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me;
 Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 Oh speak! —

Or, if thou hast uphoorded, in thy life
 Extorted ‡ treasure, in the womb of earth, [Cock crows.
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
 Speak of it. Stay, and speak—Stop it, Marcellus.—

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here —

Hor. 'Tis here —

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the shew of violence;
 For it is as the air, invulnerable;
 And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. " And then it started like a guilty thing
 " Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 " The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

* fierce, or terrible.

† omen, for fate.

‡ i. e. unjustly extorted from thy subjects.

“ Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 “ Awake the god of day ; and at his warning,
 “ Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 “ Th’ extravagant * and erring spirit hies
 “ To his confine : and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 “ Some say, that ever ’gainst that season comes
 “ Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,
 “ The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 “ And then they say no spirit walks abroad ;
 “ The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
 “ No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm ;
 “ So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
 “ But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 “ Walks o’er the dew of yon high eastward hill ;
 Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet. For, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
 Do you consent, we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let’s do’t, I pray ; and t’ this morning know
 Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Changes to the palace.*

*Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen,
 Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius,
 Lords and Attendants.*

King. Tho’ yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death
 The memory be green, and that it fitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
 Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
 Th’ imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as ’twere, with a defeated joy,

* i. e. go out of its bounds.

With

With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
 Taken to wife. — Nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along: (for all, our thanks).
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
 Our state to be disjoint, and out of frame;
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, by all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother. — So much for him. —
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
 (Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose), to suppress
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,
 The lifts, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subjects: and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no farther personal power
 To business with the King, more than the scope
 Which these dilated articles allow.
 Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes. what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The blood is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than to the throne of Denmark is thy father.
 What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread Lord,

Your

Your leave and favour to return to France;
 From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark
 To shew my duty in your coronation;
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rd France:
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what says Polonius!

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by labourfome petition,
 Wrung from me my slow leave; and, at the last,
 Under his will I seal'd my hard consent.

Pol. I beseech you, give him leave to go

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine;
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin Hamlet.—Kind my son—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind*.
[*Aside.*]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
 Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
 Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live, must die;
 Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not, *seems*:
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed *seem*,
 For they are actions that a man might play;
 But I have that within which passes shew:
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

* It is not unreasonable to suppose, that this was a proverbial expression, known in former times for a relation so blended and confused, that it was hard to define it.

King.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
" But you must know, your father lost a father;
" That father, his; and the survivor bound
" In filial obligation, for some term,
" To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
" In obstinate condolment *, is a course
" Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
" It shews a will most incorrect † to heav'n,
" A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
" An understanding simple, and unschool'd:
" For what we know must be, and is as common
" As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
" Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
" Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
" A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
" To reason ‡ most absurd; whose common theme
" Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
" From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
" This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing ** woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility †† of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart ††† tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to school to Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I prythee stay with us, go not to Wittemberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

* condolment, for sorrow; because sorrow is used to be condole'd.

† incorrect, for untutor'd.

‡ reason, for experience.

|| i. e. into the grave with your father.

** unprevailing, for unavailing.

†† nobility, for magnitude.

††† impart, for presents.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforce'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the King's rowse the heav'n shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Manet Hamlet.*

Ham. " Oh that this too-too-solid flesh would melt,
" Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
" Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
" His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh God! oh God!
" How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
" Seem to me all the uses of this world!
" Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
" That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
" Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
" But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two;—
" So excellent a King, that was, to this,
" Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
" That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
" Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
" Must I remember—why, she would hang on him,
" As if increase of appetite had grown
" By what it fed on; yet, within a month.—
" Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is *Woman!*
" A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
" With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
" Like Niobe, all tears — Why, she, ev'n she —
" (O heav'n, ! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
" Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine
uncle,
" My father's brother; but no more like my father,
" Than I to Hercules. Within a month! —
" Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
" Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes.
" She married. — Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity * to incestuous sheets!

* *dexterity*, for *quickness* simply.

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;
Horatio,— or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, *Horatio*?
Marcellus!

Mar. My good Lord——

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good morning, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elfinoor*?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had seen that day *Horatio*!

My father——methinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh where, my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?——

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor.

Hor. Season * your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure, like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with the effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. My Lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning-cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

* *season*, for *moderate*.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my Lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there!

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like. Staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griss'd? no.

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be ten'ble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well.
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to an apartment in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbark'd, farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
" Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
" A violet in the youth of primy nature;
" Forward, not permanent; tho' sweet, not lasting;
" The perfume, and suppliance of a minute;
No more——

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple wares,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no foil of cautel doth besmerch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state:
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding * of that body
Whereof he's head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe † it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;

* yielding, for consent simply.

† to believe, for to ass^e conformably to.

And

And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

" The charest maid is prodigal enough,
" If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
" Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes ;
" The canker galls the infants of the spring,
" Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
" And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
" Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effects * of this good lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart. " But, good my brother,
" Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
" Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n ;
" Whilst, he a puffed and reckless libertine,
" Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
" And recks not his own reed †.

Laert. Oh, fear me not.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Polonius.*

I stay too long ; — but here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard for shame ;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There, my blessing with you ;

[Laying his hand on Laertes's head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. " Give thy thoughts no tongue,
" Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
" Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
" The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
" Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.
" But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
" Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
" Of entrance to a quarrel : but being in,
" Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
" Give ev'ry man thine ear ; but few thy voice.
" Take each man's censure ; but reserve thy judgment.

* effects, for substance.

† i. e. heeds not his own lessons.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select * and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all; to thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the light the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewel; my blessing season † this in thee!

Laert. Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invests you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, Ophelia, and remember well

What I have said.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[Exit Laer.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought?

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
 If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour,
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted ‡ in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a baby;
 That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,

* select, for elegant.

† season, for infuse.

‡ unsifted, for untried.

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Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay fashion you may call't: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my
With almost all the holy vows of heaven. [Lord,

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in the promise as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire From this time,
Be somewhat scanted of your maiden-presence,
Set your intraitsments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But mere implorers of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you, come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my Lord. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the platform before the palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike music within.*]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swagg'ring up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't.

But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance*.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

"Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

"Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,

"Be thy advent wicked or charitable,

*—————than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west,
Makes us traduce'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition: and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
(Being nature's sivery, or fortune's scar),
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
To his own scandal.

Enter, &c.

"Thot

" Thou com'st in such a questionable * shape,
 " That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
 " King, father, royal Dane: oh! answer me;
 " Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 " Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in earth,
 " Have burst their cearments! why the sepulchre,
 " Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
 " Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 " To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
 " That thou dead corse, again, in compleat steel,
 " Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 " Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
 " So horribly to shake our disposition †
 " With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground.
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding Hamlet.*]

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And, for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again. — I'll follow it —

Hor. " What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my

" Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff, [*Lord?*]

" That beetles o'er his base into the sea;

" And there assume some other horrible form,

" Which might deprave your sov'reignty of reason,

" And draw you into madness? think of it.

" The very place puts toys ‡ of desperation,

" Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,

" That looks so many fathoms to the sea;

* By *questionable* is meant, *inviting question, provoking question.*

† *disposition*, for *frame*.

‡ *toys*, for *whims*.

" And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still: go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd: unhand me Gentlemen——

[*Breaking from them,*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me——

I say, away——go on——I'll follow thee——

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to a more remote part of the platform.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost?

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear,

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And, for the day, confin'd too * fast in fires;

* i. e. very close confined. The particle *too* is used frequently for the superlative *most*, or *very*.

Till

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purge'd away, But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love ———

Ham. O heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. "Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as
"As meditation or the thoughts of love, [swift
"May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

"And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
"That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So, the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce!), won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But

But Virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though Lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
 So Lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage——
 But, soft! methinks I scent the morning-air——
 Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quick-silver it courses through
 The nat'ral gates and allays of the body;
 And with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.——
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once dispatch'd *;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd † unanointed ‡, unanel'd ||:
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head,
 Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual ** fire.

* *dispatch'd*, for *best*.

† *i. e.* without the sacrament being taken.

‡ *i. e.* without extreme unction.

|| *i. e.* no knell rung.

** *i. e.* shining without heat.

Adieu,

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Adieu, adieu, adieu: remember me. [Exit.

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what
And shall I couple hell? oh fie! hold my heart! [else?
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe; "remember thee!"

"Yea, from the table of my memory

"I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

"All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

"That youth and observation copied there;

"And thy commandment all alone shall live

"Within the book and volume of my brain,

"Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n;

Oh most pernicious woman!

Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain;

My tables,—meet it is I set it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

At least, I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writing.

So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;

It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:

I've sworn it—

SCENE IX. Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord,—

Mar. Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. Heav'n secure him!

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come*.

Mar. How is't, my Noble Lord!

Hor. What news, my Lord?

Ham. Oh, wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'll be secret— [think it?

Beth. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.

* This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air,
when they would have them come down to them;

Ham.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my Lord, come from
To tell us this. [the grave]

Ham. Why, right, you are i' th' right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your business and desires shall point you;
(For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is): and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whurling words, my
Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For you desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-
night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord; not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear. [Ghost cries under the stage.]

Ham. Ah ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there,
true-penny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham.

Ham. *Hic & ubique* ? then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, Gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword,
Never to speak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole, can't work i' th' ground
so fast ?

A worthy pioneer ! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night ! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,

Than are dream'd of in your philosophy. But come,

Here, as before, never, (so help you mercy !),

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

(As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on),

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall,

With arms incumbred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, Well—we know;—or, We could, and if we
would;—

Or, If we list to speak;—or, There be, and if
there might——

(Or such ambiguous givings out), denote

That you know aught of me; this do ye swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you !

Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, Gentlemen,

With all my love do I commend me to you;

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do t' express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack; let us go in together,

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray:

The time is out of joint; oh, cursed spight !

That ever I was born to set it right.

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment in Polonius's house.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynoldo.
Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynoldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you,
Inquire me first what Danſkers are in Paris; | Sir,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my ſon, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus—I know his father and his friends,
And, in part, him---Do you mark this, Reynoldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord,

Pol. And in part him—but you may ſay—not well;
But it's he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo—and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; maſſy, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord——

Pol. Ay, or drinking, [fencing *], ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing——You may go ſo far.

Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put an utter ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo
quaintly,

That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The ſlaſh and outbreak of a fiery mind,

* *fencing*, an interpolation.

A savageness * in unreclaim'd blood
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good Lord——

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;

And I believe it is a fetch of wit.

You laying these slight fullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' working;
Mark you, your party in converse, he you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assured,
He closes with you in this consequence †;
Good Sir, or Sire, or Friend, or Gentleman,
(According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country).

Rey. Very good, my Lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does—what was I about to say?

I was about to say something—where did I leave—

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence—Ay marry.
He closes thus:— I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, with such and such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rowse,
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forsooth.—See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God b' wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my Lord——

Pol. Observe his inclination ev'n yourself.

Rey. I shall, my Lord.

* *savageness*, for *wildness*.

† *consequence*, for *sequel*.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II. *Enter Ophelia.*

Pol. Farewel. How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrace'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know:

But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrift, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasy of love;

Whose violent property forgoes itself,

And leads the will to desp'rate undertakings,

As oft as any passion under heav'n,

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry;

What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good Lord; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I'm sorry, that with better speed and judgment
I had not noted him. "I fear'd he trifled,
"And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy;"
"It seems it is as proper to our age
"To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
"As it is common for the younger sort
"To lack discretion!" Come; go we to the King.
This must be known; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Changes to the palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, Lords,
and other Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosincrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and 'haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry * and good-will,
As to extend your time with us a while,

* *gentry, for complaisance.*

For the supply and profit of our hope *,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might, by the sov'reign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent †,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosincrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosincrantz.
And I beseech you, instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go some of ye,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. Oh, speak of that, that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors:
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Pol.*]

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's disemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

* hope, for purpose.

† bent, for endeavour, application.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack:

But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your Highness: whereat griev'd,

That so his sickness, age, and impotence

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle, never more

To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;

And his commission to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack:

With an intreaty, herein further shewn,

That it might please you to give quiet pass

Through your dominions for this enterprise,

On such regards of safety and allowance,

As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,

Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour,

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.

Most welcome home!

[*Exit Ambaf.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

“ My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate *

“ What majesty should be, what duty is,

“ Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

“ Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

“ Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,

“ And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

* to expostulate, for to inquire or discuss.

" I will be brief: your noble son is mad.
 " Mad, call I it: for, to define true madness,
 " What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
 " But let that go. —

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. " Madam, I swear I use no art at all: —

" That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
 " And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish figure;
 " But farewell it; for I will use no art.
 " Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
 " That we find out the cause of this effect,
 " Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 " For this effect, defective, comes by cause;
 " Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. — Per-

pend. —

" I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
 " Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
 " Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and surmise.

He opens a letter, and reads.

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beatified Ophelia.—That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: *beatified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear—*These to her excellent white bosom, these.* —

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou the stars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh most best, believe it. Adieu.

*Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst
 this machine is to him, HAMLET.*

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me:
 And, more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol.

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you
When I had seen this hot love on the wing, [think?

(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,

Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think?

If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or giv'n my heart a-working mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;

"What might you think? No, I went round to work,

"And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;

"Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy sphere,

"This must not be; and then I precepts gave her,

"That she should lock herself from his resort,

"Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:

"Which done, see too the fruits of my advice;

"For, he repulsed, a short tale to make,

"Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,

"Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,

"Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,

"Into the madness wherein now he raves,

"And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. "Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know

"That I have positively said, 'Tis so, [that,

"When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[Pointing to his head and shoulder.

"If circumstances lead me, I will find

"Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

"Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours toge-
Here in the lobby. [ther,

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then,

Mark the encounter: if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,

Let

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

S C E N E V. *Enter Hamlet reading.*

Queen. But look where, sadly, the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently. [*Exeunt King and Queen.*]
Oh, give me leave. — How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well: you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord?

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kissing carrion——
Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' sun; conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive.
Friend, look to't.

Pol. "How say you by that? still harping on my daughter!——"

"Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger.

"He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aside.*

"I suffer'd much extremity for love;

"Very near this.——I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satyrical slave * says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces

* By the *satyrical slave* he means Juvenal in his tenth satyr.

are

are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plumtree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, Sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave. ———

Pol. Indeed that is out o' th air: ———

"How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are?

"A happiness that often madness hits on,

"Which sanity and reason could not be

"So prosp'rously deliver'd of. I'll leave him,

And suddenly contrive the means of meeting

Between him and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord!

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to seek Lord Hamlet; there he is.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI. *Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ros. God save you, Sir!

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

Ros. My most dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern?

Oh, Rosincrantz, good lads! how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? oh, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ref. None, my Lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ref. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one o' th' worst.

Ref. We think not so, my Lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison.

Ref. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a King of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ref. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to th' court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended; but, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinoor?

Ref. To visit you, my Lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a halfpenny. Were you not sent for?

is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guild. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you?

[To Guilden.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. "I have of late, but
"wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all
"custom of exercise; and indeed it goes so heavily with
"my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth,
"seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent
"canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging
"firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden
"fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a
"foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a
"piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how
"infinite in faculties! in form and moving how ex-
"press and admirable! in action how like an angel!
"in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the
"world, the paragon of animals; and yet to me,
"what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not
"me, nor woman neither; though by your smiling
"you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive

from you. We accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. "He that plays the King, shall be welcome;
"His Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous
"knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall
"not sigh *gratis*; the humorous man shall end his part
"in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose
"lungs are tickled o' th' fere; and the lady shall say
"her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.
"What players are they?"

Ref. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Ref. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Ref. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ref. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, Sir, an airy of children *, little eyases; that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapt for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them), that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better), their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ref. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

* Relating to the playhouses then contending, the Bankside, the Fortune, &c, played by the children of his Majesty's chapel.

Guil.

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my Lord, Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is King of Denmark; and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish for the players.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinoor; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, lest my extent to the players (which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. "I am but mad north, north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."

S C E N E VIII. *Enter Polonius.*

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathling-clouts.

Ros. Haply he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it; — you say right, Sir; for on Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you.
When Roscius was an actor in Rome —

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze. —

Pol. Upon mine honour —

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass —

Pol. "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem un-

" limited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus
 " too light. For the law of wit, and the liberty, these
 " are the only men.

*Ham. Oh Jephtha, judge of Israel, what a treasure
 hadst thou!*

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord!

*Ham. Why, one fair daughter, and no more,
 The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' th' right, old Jephtha?

*Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my Lord, I have a
 daughter that I love passing well.*

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

*Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot—and then you
 know, it came to pass, as most like it was; the first row
 of the rubric * will shew you more. For look where
 my abridgements come.*

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, masters, welcome all. I am glad to see
 thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend!
 thy face is valance'd since I saw thee last: com'st thou
 to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and
 mistress? b'erlady, your ladyship is nearer heaven
 than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chiop-
 pine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent
 gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you
 are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulcon-
 ers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech
 straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come,
 a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good Lord?

*Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once; but it
 was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the
 play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas Caviar
 to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others,
 whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of
 mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set*

* It is *pons chansons* in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung
 on bridges, and from thence called *pons chansons*. Hamlet is here re-
 peating ends of old songs. The rubric is equivalent; the titles of old
 ballads being written in red letters.

down with as much modesty * as cunning. I remember one said, there was no salt in the lines, to make the matter favoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite † the author of affectation; but call'd it an honest ‡ method. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas Æneas's tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see — The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast. — It is not so; — it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot,
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impast'd with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murderers vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with goagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandfire Priam seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking, too short, at Greeks. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. "Then senseless Ilium,
"Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
"Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend Priam, seem'd i' th' air to stick;
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,

* modesty, for simplicity.

† indite, for convict.

‡ honest, for chaste.

Did nothing.

" But as we often see, against some storm,
 " A silence in the heav'n's, the rack stand still,
 " The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 " As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region: so after Pyrrhus' pause,
 A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 On Mars his armour, forge'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam.——

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods,
 In general synod take away her power.
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
 As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'y-
 thee, say on; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or
 he sleeps. Say on, come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who had seen the mobled
 Queen——

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threat'ning the
 With biffon rheum; a clout upon that head, [flames
 Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe
 About her lank, and all-o'er-teemed loins,
 A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounce'd.
 But if the gods themselves did see her then,
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
 The instant burst of clamour that she made,
 (Unless things mortal move them not at all),
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
 And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and
 has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of
 this soon. Good my Lord, will you see the players
 well

well bestow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night, you are welcome to Elsinoor.

Ref. Good my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. *Manet Hamlet.*

Ham. Ay, so, God b' w' ye: now I am alone,
Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I?

" Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

" But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

" Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

" That, from her working, all his visage wan'd;

" Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

" A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,

" With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?

" For Hecuba?

" What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

" That he should weep for her? What would he do,

" Had he the motive and the cue for passion,

" That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

" And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;

" Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;

" Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,

" The

" The very faculty of eyes and ears.—Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant * of my cause,
 And can say nothing,—no, not for a King,
 Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat † was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face;
 Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lye i' th' throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
 Ha! why, I should take it—for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or ere this
 I should have fatted all the region-kites
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 Oh, vengeance!—
 Why, what an ass am I? this is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a-cursing like a very drab—
 A scullion,—fy upon't! foh!—about, my brain!—
 I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
 May be the devil; and the devil hath power
 T' assume a pleasing shape: yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits),
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative ‡ than this: the play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. [Exit.

* unpregnant, for having no due sense of.

† defeat, for destruction.

‡ relative, for convictive.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The palace.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. **A**ND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted:
But from what cause, he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Most free of question, but of our demands
Niggard in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-rode on the way; of these we told him:
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content
To hear him so inclin'd. [me

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord. [Exeunt.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront * Ophelia. Her father, and myself,
Will so bestow ourselves, that seeing, unseen,

* *affront*, for *confi.ont*, to meet face to face.

We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.

And for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. *[Exit Queen.]*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here — Gracious, so please
We will bestow ourselves — Read on this book: [ye,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself

King. Oh, 'tis too true.

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word. *[Aside.]*
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord.
[Exeunt all but Ophelia.]

S C E N E II. *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. "To be, or not to be? that is the question. —
"Whether'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
"The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
"Or to take arms against assail of troubles,
"And by opposing end them? — To die, — to sleep —
"No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
"The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
"That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
"Devoutly to be wish'd. To die — to sleep —
"To sleep? perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub —
"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
"When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
"Must give us pause. — There's the respect *
"That makes calamity of so long life.

* *respect, for consideration, motive.*

“ For who would bear the whips and scorns of th’ time,
 “ The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
 “ The pang of dispis’d love, the law’s delay,
 “ The insolence of office, and the spurns
 “ That patient merit of th’ unworthy takes;
 “ When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 “ With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 “ To grone and sweat under a weary life;
 “ But that the dread of something after death
 “ (That undiscover’d country, from whose bourne
 “ No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 “ And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 “ Than fly to others that we know not of?
 “ Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 “ And thus the native hue of resolution
 “ Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought;
 “ And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 “ With this regard their currents turn awry,
 “ And lose the name of action—Soft you, now!

[Seeing Oph.

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,

How does your Honour for this many a day.

Ham. I humbly thank you, well;—

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of your’s,
 That I have long’d long to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No. I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour’d Lord, you know right well you
 did;

And with them words of so sweet breath compos’d,
 As made the things more rich: that perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
 There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My Lord, ———

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should
 admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. — I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in name, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us—Go thy ways to a nunnery—Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.—Get thee to a nunnery.—farewel—Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them—To a nunnery, go—and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live;

the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit Hamlet.]

Oph. " Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 " The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue,
 " Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state, [sword!
 " The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 " Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
 I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows:
 " Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 " Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
 " That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
 " Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me,
 T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

SCENE III. *Enter King and Polonius.*

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
 Nor what he spoke, tho' it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
 Will be some danger, which, how to prevent,
 I have in quick determination
 Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:
 Haply the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something-fettled matter in his heart;
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe,
 The origin and commencement of this grief
 Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia? —
 You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
 We heard it all. — My Lord, do as you please;
 [Exit Ophelia.]

But if you hold it fit, after the play
 Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
 To shew his griefs; let her be round with him:
 And I'll be place'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. " Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But
" if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as
" lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do
" not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but
" use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and,
" as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must
" acquire and beget a temperance that may give it
" smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear
" a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to
" tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the ground-
" lings; who (for the most part) are capable of no-
" thing, but inexplicable dumb shews and noise: I
" could have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing ter-
" magant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.
Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. " Be not too tame neither; but let your own
" discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word,
" the word to the action, with this special observance,
" that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any
" thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing;
" whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to
" hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew vir-
" tue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the
" very age and body of the time, his form and pressure*.
" Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, tho' it make
" the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious
" grieve: the censure of one of which must in your allow-
" ance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there
" be players that I have seen play, and heard others
" praise, and that highly, (not to speak it profanely),
" that [neither having the accent of Christian, nor
" the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man †] have so
" strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of
" nature's journeymen had made men, and not made
" them well; they imitated humanity so abominably."

* *pressure*, for *impression*.

† These words are a foolish interpolation.

Play.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. "Oh, reform it altogether; and let those that
" play your clowns, speak no more than is set down
" for them: for there be of them that will themselves
" laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators
" to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some neces-
" sary question of the play be then to be considered:
" that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition
" in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready."

[*Exeunt Players.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Polonius, Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my Lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio to Hamlet.

Hor. Here, sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh, my dear Lord,——

Ham. "Nay, do not think I flatter:

" For what advancement may I hope from thee,

" That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,

" To feed and clothe thee? Should the poor be flat-

" No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, [ter'd?

" And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

" Where thrift may follow fawning Dost thou hear?

" Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

" And could of men distinguish, her election

" Hath seal'd thee for herself. For thou hast been

" As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing:

" A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards

" Hast ta'en with equal thanks. And blest'd are those,

" Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,

" That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
 " To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 " That is not Passion's slave, and I will wear him
 " In my heart's core ; ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.——Something too much of this.——
 There is a play to-night before the King,
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death:
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 Ev'n with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle: if his occult guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen ;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note ;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join,
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

S C E N E V.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosinercantz,
 Guildenstern and other Lords attendant, with a guard
 carrying torches. Danish march. Sound a flourish.*

Ham. They're coming to the play ; I must be idle.
 Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith, of the Cameleon's dish: I
 eat the air, promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed cap-
 ons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ;
 these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.——Now, my Lord ; you
 play'd once i' th' university, you say ? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a
 good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar, I was kill'd i' th' Ca-
 pitol: Brutus kill'd me.

Ham.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country-matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what should a man do but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the devil wear black, 'fore I'll have a suit of fable. Oh heav'ns! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a-year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

SCENE VI. *Hautboys play. The dumb shew enters.*

Enter a Duke and Duchess, with regal coronets, very lovingly; the Duchess embracing him, and he her. She kneels - he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the

Duke's ears, and exit. The Duchess returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Duchess with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.
[Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching Malhechor; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll shew him. Be not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Prol. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Duchess, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Duch. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done.

But woe is me you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,

That

That I distrust you ; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must.
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity ;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.

Now what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear ;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Duke. 'Faith, I must leave thee, Love, and shortly
My operant powers their functions leave to do, [too :
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd ; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

Duch. Oh, confound the rest !
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurs'd !
None wed the second, but who kill the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood !——

Duch. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe you think what now you speak ;
But what we do determine, oft we break ;
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity :
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree ;
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose ;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy,
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for ay ; nor 'tis not strange,
That ev'n our loves should with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love leads Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
The

The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
 The poor advance'd, makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.

But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 Think still, thou wilt no second husband wed;
 But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Duch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
 To desperation turn my trust and hope!
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope *!
 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife!
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If she should break it now ———

Duke. 'Tis deeply sworn; sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*]

Duch. Sleep rock thy brain,

And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence i' th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mouse-trap*; ——— Marry, how? tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptista*; you shall see anon 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your Majesty, and we that have free

* i. e. may I be as closely and strictly confined as the most mortified recluse.

fouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murtherer.—Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time Confederate season, and no creature seeing: [agreeing: Thou mixture rank, of midnight-weeds collected, With Hecate's bane thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy natural magic; and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into his ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' th' garden for's estate; his name's *Gonzago*; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago's* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Manent Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;

So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me), with two provincial

vincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players *, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

“ For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,

“ This realm disinantled was

“ Of Jove himself, and now reigns here

“ A very, very,— peacock †.

Hor. You might have rhim’d.

Ham. Oh, good Horatio, I’ll take the ghost’s word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, some music: come, the re-
For if the King like not the comedy; [corders.
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music. [you.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper’d—

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more rich, to signify this to his doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir;— pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother’s commandment;

* An allusion to a pack of hounds.

† This alludes to a fable of the birds chasing a ling; instead of the eagle, a peacock.

if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother—therefore no more but to the matter—my mother, you say—

Ref. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ref. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ref. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ref. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door of your own liberty; if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ref. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but *while the grass grows*—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the recorders; let me see one. To withdraw with you—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventiges with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. "Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."—God bless you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an ouzle.

Pol. It is black like an ouzle.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—they fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

" 'Tis now the very witching time of night, [out
 " When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes
 " Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot
 " And do such business as the better day [bleed,
 " Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mo-
 " O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever [ther—
 " The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
 " Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals * never my soul consent! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter King, Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Gail. We will provide ourselves;
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more,
That spirit on whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulph, doth draw
What's near it with it. 'Tis a massy wheel
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

* i. e. put them in execution.

'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother
(Since Nature makes them partial) should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

[Exit.

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't;
A brother's murther. — Pray I cannot:
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this curled hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up;
My fault is past. — But oh, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murther! —
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murther,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! oh bosom black as death!
Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engage'd! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,

Be

But soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

All may be well. [*The King retires, and kneels.*]

SCENE IX. *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. "Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 "And now I'll do't—and so he goes to heav'n.—
 "And so am I revenge'd: that would be scann'd;
 "A villain kills my father, and for that
 "I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 "To heav'n—O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 "He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 "With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
 "And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
 "But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 "'Tis heavy with him. Am I then revenge'd,
 "To take him in the purging of his soul,
 "When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 "Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent;
 "When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
 "Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
 "At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 "That has no relish of salvation in't;
 "Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
 "And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 "As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

The King rises, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X. *Changes to the Queen's apartment.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight; look you lay home to him;
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
 And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
 much heat and him. I'll 'sconce * me even here;
 Pray you be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother.—

* i. e. in sconce, to cover or secure.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides himself behind the arras.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;
But ('would you were not so) you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not
You go not, till I set you up a glass *[budge:]*
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder
Help, ho. *[me!]*

Pol. What ho, help. *[Behind the arras.]*

Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducat, dead.

[Hamlet kills Polonius.]

Pol. Oh, I am slain.

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
[To Polonius.]

I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands; peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
In noise so rude against me? [tongue

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths. Oh, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction * plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow
O'er this solidity and compound mass
With triffling visage; and, as 'gainst the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me! what act?

Ham. That roars so loud, it thunders to the Indies,—
Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
“ See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
“ Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself †;
“ An eye, like Mars, to threaten or command;
“ A station, like the herald Mercury
“ New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
“ A combination, and a form indeed,
“ Where every god did seem to set his seal,
“ To give the world assurance of a man.
“ This *was* your husband.—Look you now, what fol
“ Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear, [lows;
“ Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have notion: but, sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a diff'rent.—What devil was't

* contraction for marriage contract.

† Alluding to the description of Phidias's Jupiter from Homer.

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling *sans* all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.——

O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones;
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty sty ——

Queen. Oh, speak no more;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain! ——
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
 Of your precedent lord. A vice of Kings; ——
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches ——
 " Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
 [Starting up.
 " You heav'nly guards! —— What would your gra-
 cious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad ——

Ham. " Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 " That laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 " Th' important acting of your dread command?
 " O say!"

Ghost.

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look; amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping foldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements*,
Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. "On him! on him!—look you, how pale
he glares!

"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

"Would make them capable. Do not look on me,

"Left with this piteous action you convert

"My stern effects; then what I have to do,

Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals a-
My father in his habit as he lived! [way!

Look where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstasy?

"My pulse, as your's, doth temp'rately keep time,

"And makes as healthful music. 'Tis not madness

"That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,

* The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation: yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c.

"And

" And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 " Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heav'n;
 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
 For, in the fatness of these purfy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, coulb, and woee, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed.
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster Custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next, more easy;
 For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
 And master ev'n the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 I'll blessing beg of you. For this same Lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him; so, again, good night!
 I must be cruel, only to be kind;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
 Let the bloat King tempt you again to-bed;

Pinch

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to revel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fel-
(Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd), [lows,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work.——

" For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer

" Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet!

This man shall set me packing; ——

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;

Mother, good night.—— Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night, mother.

[Exit Hamlet, tugging in Polonius.

ACT

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you, haste in this.

[Ex. Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. *[For, haply, Slander *]*
(Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd shot) may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. — O, come away;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Safely stow'd.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?

Oh, here they come.

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead
body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what re-
plication should be made by the son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that soaks up the King's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the
King best service in the end; he keeps them, like an
ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last
swallowed: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is
but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

* These are conjectural words of Mr. Theobald.

Ros.

Ros. I understood you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; hide fox, and all after *. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *Enter King.*

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body; How dang'rous is it, that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him; He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes: And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth, The sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: diseases, desp'rate grown, By desperate appliance are relieved, Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all

but A diversion amongst children.

creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heav'n, send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety, (Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done), must send thee hence With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help; Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So it is, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them; but come, for England! Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England. [Exit.]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night. [aboard; Away, for every thing is seal'd and done That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.

[Exit Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.]
And, England! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
 Pays homage to us; thou may'st not coldly set
 Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
 By letters congruing to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England:
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me; till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A camp on the frontiers of Denmark.*

Enter Fortinbras with an army.

For. Go, Captain, from me, greet the Danish King;
 Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his realm. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his Majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exit Fortinbras with the army.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?

Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
 Or for some frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground,
 That hath in it no profit but the name.
 To pay five ducats — five, I would not farm it;
 Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand du-
 Will not debate the question of this straw; [*cats,*]
 This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
 That

Sc. 4. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b' w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Will't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you strait, go a little before. [*Exe.*

Manet Hamlet.

" How all occasions do inform against me,
" And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
" If his chief good and market of his time
" Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
" Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
" Looking before and after, gave us not
" That capability and god-like reason
" To rust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
" Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
" Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
" (A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,
" And ever three parts coward), I do not know
" Why yet I live to say this thing's to do;
" Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
" To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
" Witness this army of such mals and charge,
" Led by a delicate and tender prince,
" Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
" Makes mouths at the invisible event;
" Exposing what is mortal and unsure
" To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
" Ev'n for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
(Excitements of my reason and my blood),
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men;
That for a phantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain? O then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V. *Changes to a palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,

Indeed, distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' th' world; and hems, and beats her
heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought;
Tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. [*Throw*
Let her come in.——

Queen. To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know from another
one?*

By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon. [*Singing.*]

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady; what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*He's dead and gone, Lady, he's dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

Enter

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia ———

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White the shroud as the mountain-snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love showers.*

King. How do ye, pretty Lady ?

Oph. Well, God yield you ! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table !

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this ; but when they ask you what it means, say you this :

*To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths, and do'pt the
chamber-door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame !

Young men will do't, if they come to't,

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed :

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient ; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think, they should lay him i' th' cold ground ; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach ; good night, Ladies ; good night, sweet Ladies ; good night, good night.

[*Exit.*

O 3

King.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray
you; *[Exit Horatio.]*

This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; (we've done but greenly,
In private to inter him); poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts):
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! *[A noise within.]*

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

S C E N E VI. *Enter a Messenger.*

King. Where are my Switzers? let them guard the
What is the matter? *[door.]*

Mess. Save yourself, my Lord.
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers; the rabble call him Lord:
And as the world were now-but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every ward;
The cry, "Chuse we Laertes for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds;
"Laertes shall be King, Laertes King!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you false Danish dogs. *[Noise within.]*

Enter

Enter Laertes, with a party at the door.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

[*Exeunt.*]

Laer. I thank you, keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot [bastard;
Even here, between the chaste and unsmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenge'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That sweep-stake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A noise within, "Let her
come in."*]

Laer. How now, what noise is that?

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with straws and
flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heav'ns, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life!
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-face'd on the bier,
And on his grave rains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!*

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-
It could not move thus. [venge,

Oph. You must sing, down a-down, and you call
him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the
false steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray, love, remember; and there's pansies, that's for
thoughts.

Laer.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan,
Gramercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls! God b' w' ye. [*Exit Ophelia.*]

Laer. Do you see this, you gods?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right: go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me. If by direct or by collateral hand They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give, Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, To you in satisfaction. But, if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us, And we shall jointly labour with your soul, To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so. His means of death, his obscure funeral, No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones, No noble rite, nor formal ostentation, Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth, That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall:

And

And where th' offence is, let the great tax fall.

I pray you go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. Enter Horatio with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir; they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. — There's a letter for you, Sir: it comes from th' ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thy ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE V. *Enter King and Laertes.*

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. Two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which),
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laert. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections——But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull, [think,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it passime. You shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——
How now? what news?

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my Lord, from Hamlet.
These to your Majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet? who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my Lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us, all—
[*Exit Mess.*]

High and Mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes. When I shall, (first asking your pardon thereunto), recount th' occasion of my sudden-return. HAMLET.

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse—and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character;
Naked, and (in a postscript here, he says),
Alone: can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord: but let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth.
Thus diddest thou

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I, so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds
Importing wealth and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy;
I've seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he top'd my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The same.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation,

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence;
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you. The scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd 'em——Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so invenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
 But that I know love is begun by time;
 And that I see in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
 " There lives within the very flame of love
 " A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 For goodness growing to a pleurisy,
 Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh
 That hurts by easing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer—
 Hamlet comes back; what, would you undertake
 To shew yourself your father's son indeed
 More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarise;
 Revenge should have no bounds; but, good Laertes,
 Will you do this; keep close within your chamber;
 Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together,
 And wager on your heads. He being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
 A sword unbated *, and in a pass of practice
 Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;

And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword:
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

* i. e. Not blunted as foils are.

King.

King: Let's farther think of this;
Weigh that convenience both of time and means
May fit it to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft — let me see —
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't — when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end),
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

S C E N E X. *Enter Queen.*

How now, sweet Queen?

Queen. One wee doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. "There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
" There with fantastic garlands did she come,
" Of crow flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
" (That liberal shepherds give a grosser name to;
" But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call them);
" There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
" Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliwer broke;
" When down her weedy trophies and herself
" Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread wide,
" And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
" Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
" As one incapable of her own distress;
" Or like a creature native, and endued
" Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet

It is our trick; Nature her custom holds,
 Let Shame say what it will; when these are gone,
 The woman will be out. Adieu, my Lord!
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

King. Follow, Gertrude:
 How much had I to do to calm his rage!
 Now fear I this will give it start again;
 Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A church.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 *Clown.* **I**S she to be buried in Christian burial, that
 wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her grave
 straight; the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it
 Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned her-
 self in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* "It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else."
 "For here lies the point: if I drown myself witting-
 "ly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches;
 "it is to act, to do, and to perform; *Argal*, she
 "drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman Delver.

1 *Clown.* "Give me leave; here lies the water,
 "good: here stands the man, good: if the man go
 "to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he,
 "nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water
 "come to him and drown him, he drown not him-
 "self. *Argal*, he that is not guilty of his own death,
 "shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had
 not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried
 out of Christian burial.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown*. Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown*. Why, he had none.

1 *Clown*. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the scripture? the scripture says Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me to the purpose, confess thyself —

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants

1 *Clown*. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; *Argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown*. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown*. To't.

2 *Clown*. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker. The houses he makes last till dooms-day. Go, get thee to Youghan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. *[Exit 2 Clown.]*

He digs, and sings.

*In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet;*

*To contract, oh, the time for, a, my bebove,
Oh, methought there was nothing so meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch;
And hath shipped me into his land,
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God: might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good morrow, sweet Lord; how dost thou, good Lord?" This might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe and a spade, a spade
For,— and a shrouding sheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his cases? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the

the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir ———

*O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not your's; for my part, I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't, and say, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a woman, Sir; but rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown.

Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born, he that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corpes now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne

borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now; your gambols; your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my Lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that——Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so, puh! [*Smelling to the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome; and why of that lome, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperial Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. Oh that that earth which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw! But soft! but soft a while——here comes the King.

S C E N E II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a coffin, with Lords and Priests attendant.

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham.

Ham. That is Laertes, a most noble youth: mark—

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been so far enlarge'd
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful:
And but that great command o'erflows the order,
She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin-chants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial*.

Laer. Must no more be done!

Priest. No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth;

“And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

“May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,

“A ministring angel shall my sister be,

“When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in my arms;

[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*discovering himself.*] What is he whose griefs
Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*]

* *Burial* here signifies interment in consecrated ground.

Hamlet

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat —

For though I am not splenitive and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder —

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet —

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O; he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, shew me what thou'lt do. [*Self?*]

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thy-
Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?

I'll do't — Dost thou come hither but to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her; and so will I;

And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning sun,

Make Ossa like a wart! nay, an' thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;

And thus a while the fit will work on him:

" Anon as patient as the female dove,

" Ere that her golden couplets * are disclos'd,

" His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir —

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever; but 't is no matter —

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit Hor.*]

* couplets, i. e. couples, pairs.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.

[To Laertes.

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument.

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII. *Changes to a ball in the palace.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, now shall you see the other.
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes; rashness
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know;
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, [us,
When our deep plots do fail; "and that should teach
" There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
" Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabbins,

My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such buggs and goblins in my life;
That on the supervise, no leisure bated *,
No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible? [sure;

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more lei-
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

* bated, for allowed.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
(Ere I could mark the prologue to my bane
They had begun the play), I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service): wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a commere 'tween their amities;
And many such like *as's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not thriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, Guildenstern and Rosincrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.——

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation * grow.

“ 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

“ Between the pass and fell incensed points

“ Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now
upon?

He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,

* *insinuation, for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service.*

Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
 To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
 To let this canker of our nature come
 In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
 What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.

The *interim's* mine; and a man's life's no more
 Than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
 That to Laertes I forgot myself;
 For by the image of my cause I see
 The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour:
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
 Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

SCENE IV. *Enter Ofrick.*

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice
 to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a
 beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the
 King's messe; 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in
 the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I
 should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit:
 your bonnet to his right use,——'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is
 northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry, and hot, or
 my complexion——

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord; it is very sultry, as
 'twere, I cannot tell how.—— My Lord, his Majesty
 bid

bid me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease, in good faith——Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; tho' I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but slow neither in respect of his quick fail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a foul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, Sir?——Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath? [*To Horatio.*

Ofr. Sir,——

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Ofr. I know you are not ignorant,——

Ham. I would you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me——Well, Sir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wage'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done. *[Aside.]*

Ofr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on; six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing-time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. *[Exit.]*

Ham. Your's, your's; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed,

breed, that I know the droffy age doats on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fann'd and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Ofrick; who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen, and all, are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, — but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

S C E N E V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and Lords, Ofrick, with other attendants with foils and gauntlets. A table, and flaggons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [*Gives him the hand of Laertes.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. [*wrong;*]
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never, Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation;
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i' th' darkest night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both:
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well; these foils have all a length.
[Prepares to play.]

Ofr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table:
If Hamlet gives the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:
And in the cup an union * shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups:
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the canoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to Hamlet.——Come, begin,
And you the judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord. [They play.]

Ham. One——

Laer. No——

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well——again——

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is
thine,

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; shot goes off.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[They play.]

Come——another hit——what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

* Union hath been a name in all times given to one of the richest
sorts of pearls. See *Plin. nat. hist.*

King.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord: I pray you pardon me.

[*Drinks.*

King. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes, you but dally;

I pray you pass with your best violence;

I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*Play.*

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again —

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my Lord?

Ofr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Of-
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery. [rick,

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink —

Oh my dear Hamlet, the drink, the drink, —

I am poison'd —

[*Queen dies.*

Ham. Oh villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out —

Laer. It is here. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treach'rous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and invenom'd; the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never

Never to rise again ; thy mother poison'd ;
I can no more—the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point invenom'd too?

Then, venom, do thy work. [Stabs the King,

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous, murth'rous, damned
Drink off this potion : is the union here ? [Dane,
Follow my mother. [King dies.

Laer. He is justly served.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble Hamlet ;

Mine and my father's death come not on thee,

Nor thine on me !

[Dies.

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it ! I follow thee.

I'm dead, Horatio ; wretched Queen, adieu !

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant Death

Is strict in his arrest), oh, I could tell you —

But let it be—Horatio, I am dead ;

Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I'm more an antic Roman than a Dane :

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man,

Give me the cup ; let go ; by heav'n I'll have't.

Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a-while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my tale. [March afar off, and shout within.

What warlike noise is this ?

SCENE VI. Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
To the ambassadors of England gives [Poland,
This warlike volley.

Ham. O I die, Horatio :

The potent poison quite o'ergrows my spirit ;

I cannot live to hear the news from England.
 But I do prophesy th' election lights
 On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
 So tell him, with the occurrents more or less,
 Which have solicited *.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart! good night, sweet
 Prince;

And flights of angels wing thee to thy rest!
 Why does the drum come hither?

*E*nter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with drum,
 colours, and attendants.

Fort. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

If aught of woe or wonder cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries — on havock. Oh proud
 What feast is tow'rd in thy infernal cell, [*Death!*]
 That thou so many princes at a shot
 So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal,

And our affairs from England come too late:
 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing
 To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
 That Rosincrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
 Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth †,

Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since to jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
 Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view,
 And let me speak to th' unknowing world,
 How these things came about. So shall you hear
 Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and force'd cause;
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook,
 Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
 Truly deliver.

* solicited, for brought on the court,

† i. e. the King's

Fort.

Sc. 6. PRINCE OF DENMARK. 191

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Noblesse to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let the same be presently perform'd,
Even while mens' minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the body; such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amis.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt marching: after which a peal of ord
nance is shot off.*]

OTHELLO,

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.	Montano, <i>the Moor's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.</i>
Brabantio, <i>a Noble Venetian.</i>	Clown, <i>servant to the Moor.</i>
Gratiano, <i>brother to Brabantio.</i>	Herald.
Lodovico, <i>kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.</i>	Desdemona, <i>daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.</i>
Othello, <i>the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.</i>	Emilia, <i>wife to Iago.</i>
Cassio, <i>his Lieutenant-General.</i>	Bianca, <i>a courtesan, mistress to Cassio.</i>
Iago, <i>standard-bearer to Othello.</i>	Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and Attendants.
Rodorigo, <i>a foolish gentleman, in love with Desdemona.</i>	

SCENE, for the first act, in Venice; during the rest of the play, in Cyprus.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A street in Venice.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. **T**Ush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know
of this —

Iago. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me,

If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpose,

* The story is taken from Cynthio's novels.

Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stult with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators. Certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio,—(A Florentine's
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,—)
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; but the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls * can propose
As masterly as he; mere prattle without practice,
Is all his soldiership—he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christian and Heathen, must be let and calm'd
By debtor and creditor, this counter-casser;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.

Red. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not (as of old) gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself,
If I in any just term am assign'd
To love the Moor.

Red. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. "You shall mark
"Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
"That, doating on his own obsequious bondage,
"Wears out his time, much like his master's ais,
"For nought but provender; and when he's old,
"cathier'd;
"Whip me such honest knaves—Others there are,
"Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

" Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
 " And, throwing but shows of service on their Lords,
 " Well thrive by them ; and when they've lin'd their
 coats,
 " Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess myself.
 It is as sure as you are Rodorigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
 In following him, I follow but myself ;
 Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty ;
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In complement * extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
 For daws to peck at ; I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry her thus ?

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him, make after him ; poison his delight ;
 Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen ;
 And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies ; tho' that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 " As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 " Is spread in populous cities."

Rod. What, ho ! Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio ! ho.

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! ho ! thieves !
 thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter and your bags :
 Thieves ! thieves !

S C E N E II.

Brabantio appears above at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
 What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

* complement, i. e. fulness.

Iago.

Iago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for shame, put
on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you.

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most Reverend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome;

I've charge'd thee not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,

My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness,

Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,

My spirit and my place have in their power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Ve-
My house is not a grange. [nice:

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds! Sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to
do you service, you think we are ruffians; you'll have
your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'll have
your nephews neigh to you, you'll have coursers for
cousins, and gennets for germanes.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with
two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Rodorigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you, If't be your pleasure and most wise consent, (As partly I find it is), that your fair daughter Be at this odd even and dull watch o' th' night, Transported with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of hire, a Gundalier, To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor; If this be known to you, and your allowance, We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs. But if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, That from the sense of all civility I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence. Your daughter, if you have not given her leave, I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, To an extravagant and wheeling stranger, Of here and every where; straight satisfy yourself. If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho ! Give me a taper;—call up all my people;— This accident is not unlike my dream, Belief of it oppresses me already. Light, I say, light! [*Exit Brabantio from above.*]

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you. It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produce'd (as, if I stay, I shall) Against the Moor. For I do know, the state, However this may gall him with some check, Cannot with safety cast him. For he's imbark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, Which ev'n now stand in act, that, for their souls, Another of his sadom they have none, To lead their business. In which regard, Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains, Yet, for necessity of present life, I must shew out a flag and sign of love : Which is indeed but sign. That you may surely find him,

Lead

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit

S C E N E III.

Enter Brabantio, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is;
And what's to come of my despited * time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Rodorigo,
Where didst thou see her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, saidst thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? oh, she deceives me
Past thought ——— What said she to you? get more
tapers ———

Raise all my kindred — are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. O Heaven! how gat she out?

Oh treason of my blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, Rodorigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother: oh, 'would you had had
Some one way, some another—Do you know [her!
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most; get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might:

On, good Rodorigo, I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to another street before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience

i. e. vexations.

To do no contriv'd murder : I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. — Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour ;
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married ? for, be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double * as the Duke's : he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' inforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight :
My services, which I have done the signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate), I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege ; and my demerits
May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine, [der ?
For the sea's worth. But look ! what lights come yon-

S C E N E V. *Enter Cassio with torches.*

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends :
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think, no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General ;
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance,

i. e. as large or extensive.

Ev'n

Ev'n on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caf. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat. The gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels:
And many of the consuls rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd
When, being not at your lodging to be found, [for,
The senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit Othello.

Caf. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caf. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Caf. To whom?

Iago. Marry to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello,

Oth. Have with you.

Caf. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio: General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Rodorigo! come, Sir, I am for you——

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust 'em.

Good Signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid, so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy culled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weaken notion.—I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon them; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. True, most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in council; and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and Pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to the senate-house.*

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition * in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed they're disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred.
But tho' they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence) ; yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

[*Sailor within.*] What hoa ! what hoa ! what hoa !

Enter Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now ! — what's the business ?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;
So was I bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze ; when we consider
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it ;
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first ;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

* *composition*, for *consistency*, *concordancy*.

Duke.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, (reverend and gracious),
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet —

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now thy do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus: Marcus Luc-
Is he not here in town? [cicos,

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him, post, post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

S C E N E VIII.

To them, Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior: [*To Brab.*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I your's; good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter! —

Sen. Dead? —

Bra. To me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,

(Being

(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense),
Sans witchcraft could not —

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?

[To Othel,

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charge'd withal),
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on—
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so could err

Against

Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

Sen. But, Othello, speak;
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. [*Exeunt two or three.*]

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.
[*Exit Iago.*]

And till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present.
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it; Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,

And with it all my travel's history :
(Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle *,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
heav'n,

It was my hent to speak)† All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ———
She wish'd she had not heard it ; — yet she wish'd
That heav'n had made her such a man : — she thank'd
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her, [me,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would wooe her." On this hint I spake ;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too —
Good Brabantio,

* *idle, for barren.*

† It was my hent to speak. Such was the process ;
And of the Canibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi ; and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. All these to hear
Would Desdemona, &c.

Take up this mangled matter at the best.
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak.
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you must owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you I'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you. I have done
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor.
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me speak like ourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour——

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So, let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—
Beseech you, now to the affairs o' th' state.

Duke. The Turk, with a most mighty preparation,
makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place
is best known to you. And though we have there a sub-
stitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a so-
vereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on
you; you must therefore be content to stubber the gloss
of your new fortunes, with this mere stubborn and
boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnise
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd—
Ev'n to the very quality of my Lord.

I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
 And to his honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rights for which I love him, are bereft me;
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords; beseech you, let her will
 Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite;
 Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
 In my defunct and proper satisfaction *;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
 And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think,
 I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me—No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
 My speculative and office'd instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Or for her stay or going; the affair cries haste;
 And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my Lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
 Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you;
 And such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
 (A man he is of honesty and trust),
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good Grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;

* i. e. with that heat and new affections which the indulgence of
 my appetite has raised and created.

Good night to every one. And, Noble Signior,
If virtue no belighted * beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exit Duke with Senators.]

Oth. My life upon her faith—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage,
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X. *Manent* Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. Iago. —

Iago. What sayest thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou!

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee af-
Why, thou silly Gentleman! [ter.]

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment;
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is
our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world
for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish
betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man
that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I
would drown myself for the love of a Guiney-hen, I
would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in ourselves that we are thus
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our
wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles,
or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; sup-
ply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with
many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured
with industry; why, the power and corrigible autho-

* i. e. white and fair.

rity of this lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a slip or cyeu.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these wars; disseat * thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration,—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as loches, shall shortly be as bitter as a coloquintida. When she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an errant Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Red. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge a-

* *i. e.* turn it out of its seat; change it for another.

against

gainst him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, Rodorigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am change'd; I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI. *Manet Iago.*

Iago. Go to, farewell, put money enough in your purse.——

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true——
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well——
The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper man; let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery——How? how?——let's see——
After some time, t' abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife——
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are:
I have't—it is ingendred—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*]

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The capital of Cyprus.**Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus, and two Gentlemen.*

Mont. **W**Hat from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot 'twixt the heavens and the main
 Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
 Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
 And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;
 I never did like molestation view
 On the inchafed flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
 It is impossible to bear it out.

S C E N E II. *Enter a third Gentleman.*

3 Gent. News, Lords, our wars are done:
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
 That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice
 Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
 A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant of the warlike Moor Othello,
 Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 Gent.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'n's he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III. *Enter Cassio.*

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'n's
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, A fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in terrestrial vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency——

S C E N E IV. *Enter Gentleman.*

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel),
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'en-night's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard!
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort —

S C E N E V.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

O behold!

The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, Lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But hark, A sail!

Within.] A sail, a sail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.

Good.

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistresses,
[To Æmilia.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
[Saluting her.]

That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much.

I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry, before your Ladyship, I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of
doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, [beds!
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. O gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical*.

Des. Come, one essay. There's one gone to the
harbour——

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;——
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed "my invention
" comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
" it plucks out brains and all." But my muse labours,
and thus she is delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

* critical, for satirical.

Des.

Des. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. *She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.*

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that in the authority of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. “*She that was ever fair, and never proud,
“ Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
“ Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,
“ Fled from her wish, and yet said, Now I may;
“ She that, when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
“ Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
“ She that in wisdom never was so frail,
“ To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail!
“ She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
“ See suitors following, and not look behind;
“ She was a wight, (if ever such wight were) —*

Des. To do what?

Iago. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and liberal † counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said—whisper—With as little a web as this, will I

† *liberal*, for *licentious*.

infnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do—I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed.—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kifs'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good,—well kifs'd, and excellent courtesy—'tis so indeed.—Yet again—your fingers to your lips? 'would they were clyster-pipes for your sake.

The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI. *Enter Othello and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd Death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! if I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that sweet prayer!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*]
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down
the pegs that make this music, as honest as I am.

[*Aside.*]

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
 I've found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I doat
 In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
 Bring thou the master to the citadel;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

S C E N E VII. *Manent Iago and Roderigo.*

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour.
 Come thither, if thou be'st valiant, (as, they say, base
 men, being in love, have then a nobility in their na-
 tures, more than is native to them) — list me; the
 Lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.
 First, I must tell thee, this Desdemona is directly in
 love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be in-
 structed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd
 the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
 eyes. And will she love him still for prating? let
 not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed.
 And what delight shall she have to look on the devil?
 When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there
 should be, again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh
 appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, man-
 ners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective
 in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniencies, her
 delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave
 the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature
 will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second
 choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant
 and unforce'd position), who stands so eminent in the de-
 gree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very vo-
 luble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the
 mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better
 compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection;
 a slippery and subtil knave, a finder of occasions; that
 has an eye can ramp and counterfeit advantages, tho'

true

true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest's condition.

Iago. Blest's figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest's, she would never have lov'd the Moor. Blest's pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrace'd together. Villanous thoughts, Rodorigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish — But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command I'll lay't upon me. Cassio knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler; and happily may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of Cyprus to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by transplanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII. *Manet Iago.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe:
 That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
 The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
 And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
 Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin),
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul,
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor brach of Venice, whom I cherish
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;
 (For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too);
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass;
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX. *The street.*

Enter Herald with a proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant General, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere * perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his mind leads him. For, besides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and

* *mere*, for *total*.

there

there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble General Othello! [Exit.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night; Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do: But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye: Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with your earliest, Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you. Good-night. [Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, Lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' th' clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has? methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets: come, Lieutenant, I have a sloop of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking, I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too; and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

"He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,

"As my young mistress' dog. ———

Now, my sick fool, Rodorigo,

"Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd

Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch.

Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle),

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drun-

Am I to put our Cassio in some action, [kards,

That may offend the isle. But here they come.

If consequence do but approve my deem,

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

SCENE X. *Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.*

Caf. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago sings.]

And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a span;

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caf. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and
your

your swag-belly'd Hollander,——Drink, ho!——are nothing to your English.

Caf. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your Almain. He gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh sweet England.

*King Stephen was an a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caf. "No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his
"place that does those things. Well——Heaven's
"above all; and there be souls that must be saved,
"and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. 'Tis true, good Lieutenant.

Caf. "For mine own part (no offence to the General,
"nor any man of quality) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, Lieutenant.

Caf. "Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The
"Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's
"have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive
"our sins——Gentlemen, let's look to our business.
"Do not think, Gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my
"Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left.
"I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and
"speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caf. "Why, very well then: you must not think
"then that I am drunk.

[Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E X I. *Manent Iago and Montano.*

Mont. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar,
And give direction. And do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
The one as long's the other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well

The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, Rodorigo?

I pray you, after the Lieutenant go. [*Exit Rod.*]

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I; for this fair island;
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?

[*Within, Help! help!*]

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, Lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave
into a twiggén bottle.

Rod. Beat me ———

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont.

Mont. Nay, good Lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Caf. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the maz-
zard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caf. Drunk? ——— [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit Rodorigo.*

Nay, good Lieutenant — Alas, Gentleman —
Help, ho! — Lieutenant — Sir — Montano —
Help, masters! here's a goodly watch indeed —
Who's that who rings the bell — diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*

The town will rise. Fie, fie, Lieutenant! hold:
You will be sham'd for ever.

SCENE XII. *Enter Othello, and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant — Sir — Montano —
Gentlemen ———

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
The General speaks to you — hold, hold, for shame —

Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks? and to ourselves do that,
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his foul light: he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter?

Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but now —
(As if some planet had unwitted men),

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts,
In opposition bloody. I can't speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And 'would, in action glorious I had lost

Those

Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cas I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil :
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted ; and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity * be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heav'n,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began ; who set it on ;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me — What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel ?
In night, and on the coast and guard of safety ?
'Tis monstrous. Say, Iago, who began't ?

Mont. If partially assn'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio :
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General :
Montano and myself being in speech,

* *self charity, for charity inherent in the person's nature.*

There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and intreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief), I found them close together
At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Tho' Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that with them best;
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.——

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, sweeting come to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.
Lead him off.

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XIII. *Manent Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid !

Caf. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! oh I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation ! Iago, my reputation ———

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man, — there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's your's.

Caf. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk ? and speak parrot * ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ? Oh thou invincible spirit of wine ! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword ? what had he done to you ?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible ?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains ! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recover'd ?

Caf. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath ; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen : but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

* A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard!—had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our General's wife is now the General. I may say so in this respect; for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.]

SCENE XIV. *Manet Iago.*

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Likely to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easy Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements: and then for her

To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin;
 His soul is so infetter'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel * course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heav'nly shews,
 As I do now.—For while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
 I'll pour this pestilence † into his ear,
 That she repeals him for her body's lust:
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 That shall enmesh ‡ them all. How now, Rodorigo!

S C E N E XV. *Enter Rodorigo.*

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is
 almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well
 cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so
 much experience for my pains; and so with no money
 at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience?
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio,
 Tho' other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
 Content thyself a while. In troth, 'tis morning:
 Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

* *parallel, for even*: because parallel lines run even and equidistant.

† *pestilence, or poison.*

‡ *A metaphor from taking birds in meshes.*

Retire

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
 Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rodorigo.*]
 Two things are to be done ;
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress :
 I'll set her on : —
 Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump, when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife, — ay, that's the way :
 Dull not, Device, by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's palace.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. **M**asters, play here, I will content your pains,
 Something that's brief ; and bid, good
 morrow, General.

[*Music plays ; and enter Clown from the house.*]

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been
 in Naples, that they speak i' th' nose thus ?

Mus. How, Sir, how ?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir ?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-instrument that
 I know. But, masters, here's money for you : and the
 General so likes your music, that he desires you for
 love's sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard
 to't again : but, as they say, to hear music the General
 does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, and hie
 away. Go, vanish into air, away. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend !

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the General's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio intreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*]

Caf. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caf. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold to send in to your wife; My suit is, that she will to Desdemona Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Caf. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good Lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that in wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves
And needs no other suitor, but his likings, [you;
To bring you in again

Caf. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

Caf. I'm much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gen. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves my
As if the cause were his. [*husband,*]

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow; doubt not, Cassio,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Caf. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord;
You've known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Caf. Ay, but, Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here;
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My Lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does

With Cassio's suit : therefore be merry, Cassio ;
 For thy solicitor shall rather die,
 Than give thy cause away.

SCENE IV. *Enter Othello and Iago at distance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I'm very ill at ease,
 Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Hah ! I like not that. ———

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my Lord ; or if— I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my Lord ?— no, sure, I cannot think it,
 That he would steal away so guilty-like,
 Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my Lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean ?

Des. Why, your Lieutenant Cassio. Good my Lord,
 If I have any grace, or power to move you,
 His present reconciliation take.
 For if he be not one that truly loves you,
 That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning *,
 I have no judgment in an honest face.
 I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now !

Des. I, sooth, so humbled,
 That he hath left part of his grief with me,
 To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to'night at supper ?

Oth. Not to'night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home :

* *cunning*, for *design*, or *purpose* simply.

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn,
Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save, that they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best), is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so mutt'ring on? What? Michael Cassio!—
That came a-wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? trust me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon:
'Tis as I should intreat you wear your cloaths,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona, I'll come strait.

Des. Emilia, come: be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Manent Othello and Iago.*

Oth. "Excellent wretch!—Perdition catch my soul,
" But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
" Chaos is come again."

Iago. My Noble Lord. ——

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your love?

Oth.

Oth. He did from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it:

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in
Is he not honest? [that?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? ay honest.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think!

Iago. I think, my Lord!

Oth. Think, my Lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'st
As if there were some monster in thy thought, [me;
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, thou *lik'st not that*.—

When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, *Indeed!*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost.

“ And for I know thou art full of love and honesty;
“ And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
“ Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
“ For such things in a false disloyal knave,
“ Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem knaves!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!—Why, say, they're vile and false;
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Think I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not); I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

'Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands;
'But he that filches from me my good name,
'Robs me of that which not enriches him,
'And makes me poor indeed.'

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts—

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
 But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor and content, is rich and rich enough ;
 But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 Good heaven ! the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy ?
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exfuffolate and blown surmises,
 Matching the inference *. 'Tis not to make me jea-
 lous,

To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
 Where virtue is, these make more virtuous.
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
 I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
 To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio ;
 Wear your eye, thus ; not jealous, nor secure ;
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty † be abus'd ; look to't.
 I know our country disposition well ;
 In Venice they do let heav'n see the pranks
 They dare not shew their husbands ; their best conscience
 Is not to leav't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

* inference, for description, account.

† self bounty, for inherent generosity.

Iago.

Iago. She did deceive her father marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then;
She, that, so young, could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:
I hope you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues*, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success†,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
My Lord, I see you're mov'd—— [friend.

Oth. No, not much mov'd——

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself——

Iago. Ay, there's the point;— as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country-forms,
And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell;

* issues, for conclusions.

† success, for success; i. e. conclusion; not prosperous issues

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?

This honest creature, doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:

Altho' 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,

For, sure, he fills it up with great ability;

Yet if you please to hold him off a while,

You shall by that perceive him and his means;

Note, if your Lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,

(As worthy cause I have to fear I am);

And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI. *Manet Othello.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned * spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to lothe her. Oh, the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' use. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
Even then this forked plague is fated to us

* *learned, for experienced.*

When

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes !

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, oh, then heav'n mocks itself:
I'll not believ't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?
Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone : come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *Manet Emilia.*

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin ;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago ; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I :
I nothing, but to please his phantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ? what do you here alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me ?

It is a common thing —

Emil. Ha ?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all ? what will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, you have been so
To have me fetch it? [earnest

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [Snatching it.

Emil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:

I have use for it. Go, leave me—— [Exit *Emilia*.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. "Trifles light as air

"Are to the jealous confirmations strong

"As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.

"The Moor already changes with my poisons:

"Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,

"Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;

"But, with a little act upon the blood,

"Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so."

S C E N E VIII. *Enter Othello.*

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. "Avaunt! be gone! thou'st set me on the rack."

"I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,

"Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. "What sense had I of her stol'n hours or lust?

"I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;

"I slept the next night well; was free and merry;

"I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stoln,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. " I had been happy, if the general camp
 " (Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,
 " So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
 " Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
 " Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
 " That make ambition virtue! oh, farewell!
 " Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 " The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife;
 " The royal banner, and all quality,
 " Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 " And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 " Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 " Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone?

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
 Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*]

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My Noble Lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more; abandon all remorse †;
 On horrors head horrors accumulate;
 Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
 God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
 Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe
 I thank you for this profit, and from hence
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

† *remorse*, for *repentance*.

Oth. Nay, stay—thou should'st be honest—

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. "By the world,

"I think my wife is honest; and think she is not;

"I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;

"I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh

"As Dian's visage, is now begrimm'd and black

"As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,

"Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

"I'll not endure't—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my Lord?
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh?

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living * reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But since I'm entred in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

"There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
One of this kind is Cassio.

* *living*, for *speaking*, *manifest*.

In sleep I heard him say, Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe and wring my hand;
Cry— Oh sweet creature! and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kiss. and then
Cry, Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. Oh monstrous! oh monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion*.

Iago. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.
And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet — Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief
(I'm sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that —

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas her's,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

“ Now do I see 'tis time. — Look here, Iago,

“ All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n.

“ 'Tis gone; —

“ Arise, black vengeance, from th' unhallow'd cell!

Yield up, oh Love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous Hate! swell, bosom, with the fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood —

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course

* conclusion, for fact.

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic, and the Hellespont:
 Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up — Now by yond marble heav'n,
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow [He kneels.
 I here engage my words —

Iago. Do not rise yet : [Iago kneels.
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
 You elements, that clip us round about!
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me, remord
 What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to't :
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ;
 'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! oh, damn her, damn
 Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw [her ;
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.—

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX. *Another apartment in the palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, firrah, where Lieutenant Cassio
 lies ?

Clown. I dare not say he lyes any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clown. He's a foldier ; and for me to say a foldier
 lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to ; where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
 where I lye

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown.

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lye in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions and bid them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit Clown.]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Æmilia?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of crusadoes. And but my Noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be Call'd to him. How is it with you, my Lord?

SCENE X. Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh, hardness to dis-
How do you, Desdemona? [seemle! [Aside.]

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It hath yet felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.
Hot, hot, and moist——this hand of your's requires
A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a strong and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so;

For

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? ———

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Entirely to her love: but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her lothed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't: —
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A Sibyl, that had numbred in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sow'd the work:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummey, which the skilful
Confer'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to Heav'n that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' th' way?

De. Bless us!

Oth.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an' if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir; but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my suit.
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind mis-
gives—

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. Insooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away! —

[*Exit Othello.*]

SCENE XI. *Manent Desdemona and Emilia.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly; and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;
And lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with
you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love;
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offense be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can

Can ransom me into his love again ;
 But to know so, must be my benefit :
 So shall I clothe me in a force'd content,
 And shut myself up in some other course,
 To Fortune's alms.

Des. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 My advocacy is not now in tune :
 My Lord is not my Lord : nor should I know him,
 Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best ;
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
 For my free speech ! You must a while be patient ;
 What I can do, I will : and more I will
 Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry ?

Æmil. He went hence but now ;
 And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. " Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
 " When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 " And, like the devil, from his very arm
 " Pust his own brother ; and can he be angry ?
 " Something of moment then ; I will go meet him :
 " There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XII.

Mauent Desdemona, Æmilia, and Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something sure of state,
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
 Made here demonstrable in Cyprus to him,
 " Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
 " Mens' natures wrangle with inferior things,
 " Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
 For let our finger ake, and it endues
 Our other healthful members with a sense
 Of pain. Nay, we must think, men are not gods ;
 Nor of them look for such observance always,
 As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Æmilia ;
 I was (unhandsome wrangler as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,

And

And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray Heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause;
But jealous, for they're jealous. 'Tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born upon itself.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Ex. Desdemona and Æmilia, at one door;
Cassio, at the other.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Changes to the street before the palace.

Re-enter Cassio, meeting Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you, friend Cassio.

Cas. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
'What? keep a week away? seven days and nights?
'Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
'More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
'Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall in a more convenient time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]
Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman:

Throw

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance?
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstance'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A court before the palace.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoris'd kiss?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

'It is hypocrisy against the devil:

'They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

'The devil their virtue tempts not; they tempt Heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis her's, my Lord; and being her's,
She

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is property'd of her honour too;

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft, that have it not.

But for the handkerchief —

Oth. "By Heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it;

"Thou said'st, — oh, it comes o'er my memory,

"As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,

"Boarding to ill, — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I'd seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,

Who having by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convince'd * or suppl'd them, they cannot chuse

But they must blab).

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be you well assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did — I know not what he did —

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her — what you will —

Oth. "Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her; that's
"fullsome: handkerchief — confessions — handkerchief

" — handkerchief [— to confels, and be hang'd

"for his labour — First, to be hang'd, and then —

"to confels! †] — I tremble at it — Nature would

"not invest herself in such shadowing without some

"induction. It is not words that shake me thus —

"pish — noses, ears, and lips — is't possible! —

"confels! — handkerchief! — oh devil —

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,

* convince'd, for conquer'd, subdued.

† The words between the hooks seem to be the players' trash.

All guiltless, meet reproach. What ho! my Lord!
My Lord, I say, Othello.——

SCENE II. *Enter Cassio.*

How now, Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fell into an epilepsy;

This is the second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,

The lethargy must have his quiet course;

If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by Heav'n;

Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd,

May draw with you. Millions are now alive,

That nightly lie in those improper * beds,

Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.

Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man),

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,

And laid good 'seuses on your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

* improper, for common.

The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the flers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago. and when,
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear? most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A huswife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and cloth. It is a creature
That doats on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter.—Here he comes—

SCENE III. *Enter Cassio.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish * jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worse that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*]
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look how he laughs already. [*Aside.*]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

[*Aside.*]

Iago. Do you hear Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

* unbookish, for ignorant.

To tell it o'er: go to, well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha,

Oth. Do you triumph, rogue? do you triumph?

[*Aside.*]

Cas. I marry her!—What? a customer? pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so: they laugh that win. [*Aside.*]

Iago. Why, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? well. [*Aside.*]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*]

Cas. She was here even now: She haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck—

Oth. Crying, Oh dear Cassio, as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells how she pluck'd him to my chamber: oh I see that nose of your's, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

SCENE VI. *Enter Bianca.*

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:—

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there.

This

This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? there — give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caf. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now? how now?

Oth. By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

[*Aside.*

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her. —

Caf. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more. [Exit *Cassio.*

SCENE V. *Manent Othello and Iago.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Your's, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife — She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing —

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand — Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature. She might lie by an Emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is — so delicate with her needle. — An admirable musician. — Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times :
And then of so gentle condition !——

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Iago*—— Oh, *Iago*, the pity
of it, *Iago*——

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her
patent to offend ; for if it touch not you, it comes near
no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes : cuckold me !

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night ; I'll not
expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty un-
provide my mind again ; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good :

The justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker ;
You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.— What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the Duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants, from
the palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of Venice greet
you. [*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, Signior.
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord
An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Oth.

Oth. Are you sure of that? [*Aside.*]

Des. My Lord? —

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will — [*Reads.*]

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my Lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be the letter mov'd him,
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I'm glad on't.

Oth. Indeed! [*Aside.*]

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! — [*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls, would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight —

Des. I will not stay t' offend you. [*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient Lady.

I do beseech your Lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress —

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient — proceed you in your tears —
Concerning this, Sir, — oh well painted passion! —
I am commanded home — get you away,

I'll

I'll send for you anon——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.——Hence, avaunt!——

[Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do intreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus——

Goats and monkies!

[Exit.

S C E N E VII. *Manent Lodovico and Iago.*

Lod. Is this the Noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? “this the nature,

“Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

“The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

“Could neither raze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much change'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe; is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cen-
What he might be, if what he might he is not, [sure,
I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to an apartment in the palace.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth.

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' th' way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Emil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit Emilia.*]
She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray. I've seen her do't.

SCENE IX. *Enter Desdemona and Emilia.*

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [*To Emilia.*]
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry Hem, if any body come.
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch,

[*Exit Emilia.*]
Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself; lest, being
like one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee,
Therefore be double-damn'd; swear thou art honest.

Des.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?

With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemona! away, away, away—

Des. "Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?"

"Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord?"

"If haply you my father do suspect

"An instrument of this your calling back,

"Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

"Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. "Had it pleas'd Heav'n

"To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

"All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

"Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

"Given to captivity me and my hopes;

"I should have found in some place of my soul

"A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me

"A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn

"To point his slow unmoving finger at——

"Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

"But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

"Where either I must live, or bear no life,

"The fountain from the which my current runs,

"Or else dries up: to be discarded thence;

"Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

"To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion thence,

"Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubim;

"I here look grim as hell."

Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ay, as summer-flies are in the shambles

That quicken even with blowing.

O thou bale weed, why art so lovely fair?

Thou smell'st so sweet that the sense akes at thee.

Would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write whore upon? What, what committed?

Committed?—oh, thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did

Did but I speak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is huff'd within the hollow mine of earth, [strumpet!
And will not hear't. What committed?—Impudent

Des. By heav'n you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my Lord
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello——

S C E N E X. *Enter Æmilia.*

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, Madam! how do you my good Lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my
Lord?

Des. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Æmil. He that is your's, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, Æmilia.

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet. How

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misfute?

S C E N E XI. *Enter Iago and Æmilia.*

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? how is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding

Iago. What's the matter, Lady?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair Lady?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches?

Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't! how comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I'll be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her com-
pany?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heav'n, that such companions thoud'st unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the east to th' west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh fie upon them ! some such 'squire he was,
" That turn'd your wit the foamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,

" What shall I do to win my Lord again ?

" Good friend, go to him ; by this light of heav'n,

" I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel ;

[*Kneeling.*

" If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

" Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed ;

" Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

" Delighted them on any other form ;

" Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

" And ever will, though he do shake me off

" To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,

" Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;

" And his unkindness may defeat my life,

" But never taint my love. I can't say *where* ;

It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;

To do the act that might th' addition earn,

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content ; 'tis but his humour ;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other, —

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !

The messenger of Venice stays the meat ;

Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*

SCENE XII. *Enter Rodorigo to Iago.*

How now, Rodorigo ?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou dost't me with some device,
Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from

me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Rodorigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me, she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now——

Rod. Ay, and said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Rodorigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour), this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one), you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? Oh Desdemona!—

[*Exeunt* Lodovico, &c.]

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

[*Exit.*
Des.]

Des. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me [minds!
In one of these same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come? you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he she lov'd forsook her,
And she prov'd mad: she had a song of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat singing by a *sycamore-tree*,

Sing all a green willow: [Singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softned the stones:

Sing

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

(Pr'ythee, hie thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay, that's not next — Hark, who is it that knocks?

Æmil. 'Tis the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do itch,

Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; oh these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light:

I might do't as well i' th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing;

It is a great price for a small vice

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world! why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world;
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your own world; and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as
Would store the world they play'd for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults,

If wives do fall : say, that they slack their duties,
 And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
 Throwing restraint on us ; or say, they strike us,
 Or scant our former having in despite ;
 Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
 Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell,
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do,
 When they change us for others ? is it sport ?
 I think it is : and doth affection breed it ?
 I think it doth : is't frailty that thus errs ?
 It is so too. And have not we affections ?
 Desires for sport ? and frailty as men have ?
 Then let them use us well ; else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.
Des. Good night, good night ; Heaven me such uses
 send,
 Not to pick bad from bad ; but by bad, mend ! [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A street before the palace.

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. **H**ere, stand behind this bulk. Straight will
 he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
 Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.
 It makes us, or it mars us : think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
 Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :
 'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword : he dies.

[*Stands apart.*]

Iago. I've rubb'd this young gnat almost to the sense,
 And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every

Every way makes my gain. Live Rodorigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona.
It must not be. — If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril.
No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou diest.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

[Fight. Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.]

[Then Rodorigo and Cassio fall.]

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever; help, ho! murther,
murther!

SCENE II. *Enter Othello above at a window.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio,—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh, help, ho! light! a surgeon!—

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me—Minion, your dear lies dead;
And your fate hies apace.—Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.]

SCENE III.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther,
murther!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod.

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago in his shirt, with a light and sword.

Lod. Hark——

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt with light and
weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here: for heav'n's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, Lieutenant! what villains have done
this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in and give some help.

[To Lod. and Gra.]

Rod. Oh, help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murth'rous slave! oh villain! *[Iag. stabs him.]*

Rod. Oh damn'd Iago! oh inhumane dog! *[Dies.]*

Iago. Kill men i' th' dark? where be these bloody
thieves?

How silent is this town? ho, murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. signior Lodovico:——

Lod. He, Sir

Iago. I cry you mercy! here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago.

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Bianca.*

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear Cassio,

My sweet Cassio, oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So—Oh for a chair
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio; come, come:

Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman,
Rodorigo? no: yes, sure: yea, 'tis Rodorigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ah!

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? oh, a chair, a chair.

Gra. Rodorigo?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well said, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale?—Oh, bear him out
o' th' air.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?

Da.

Do you perceive the greatness of her eye?
 Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon. [*To Bianca.*
 Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
 Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness
 Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

S C E N E V. *Enter Æmilia.*

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath there been set on in the dark
 By Rodorigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
 He's almost slain, and Rodorigo dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring—Pray, Æmilia,
 Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
 What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house, but I therefore shake
 not.

Iago. Oh, did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet,

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
 As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor Cassio dress'd.
 Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia. run you to the citadel,
 And tell my Lord and Lady what hath happ'd:
 Will you go on afore?—This is the night
 That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

[*Exeunt, Iago following.*]

S C E N E VI.

A bed-chamber; Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a light and a sword.

Oth. "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;—
 "Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
 "It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 "Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
 "And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Lays down the sword.*]

"Yet she must die; else she'll betray more men.

"Put

" Put out the light, and then—Put out the light?—
 " If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 " I can again thy former light restore,
 " Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
 " Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 " I know not where is that Promethian heat
 " That can thy light relumine.— *Sets down the taper.*
 " When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 " I cannot give it vital growth again;
 " It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree;

[Kissing her.]

" Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 " Justice to break her sword!—One more; one more;
 " Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee.
 " And love thee after.—one more, that's the last;
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav'nly;
 It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,
 What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
 No, (heav'n's forefend!) I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
 When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear, I know
 Since guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear. *[not,*

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul: send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:

For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception
That I do grone withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By Heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart;
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee——

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive ———

Des. But half an hour; *——but while I say one
prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [He smothers her.]

SCENE VII. *Æmilia at the door.*

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! what, ho! my Lord!
my Lord!

Oth. What noise is this? not dead? not yet quite
I that am cruel, am yet merciful; [dead?

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Æmil. [within.] What, ho! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word
with you

Oth. "Yes, 'tis Æmilia—by and by—she's dead!

" 'Tis like the comes to speak of Cassio's death;

" The noise was high.—Ha, no more moving?

" Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?

" I think she stirs again — No — what's the best?

" If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;

" My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

" Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!

" Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

" Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe

" Should yawn † at alteration ———

Æmil. I beseech you,

That I may speak with you. Oh, good my Lord!—

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, Æmilia.

* *Des.* But half an hour. ———

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

† *yawn, for gape.*

Soft, by and by; let me the curtains draw.

Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth that she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? then Murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murder'd! —

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my Lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! oh Lady, speak again;
Sweet Desdemona! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des. No body, I myself; farewell;

Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewell. [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh, the more angel she, and you the blacker
devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æm. Thou dost belye her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

Oh,

Oh, I were dama'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Had she been true,
If Heav'n would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband.

Emil. Oh mistress! villainy has made mocks with
My husband say she was false! [love.

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, my his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a-day! he lyes to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah! —

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power * to do me
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull! oh dolt! [harm;
As ignorant as dirt! thou'lt done a deed —
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives — Help! help, ho!
help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murther, murther!

* power, will, inclination.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know thou did'st not; thour't not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned lye:
Upon my soul, a lye; a wicked lye.

She false with Cassio? did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, Mistress; go to, charm your
tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to
speak;

My mistress lies here murder'd in her bed.*

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [*Othello falls on the bed.*]

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

* ——— murdered in her bed.

All. Oh Heavens forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act!

Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!

I think upon't—I think—I smell't—Oh villany!

I thought so then; I'll kill myself for grief;—

Oh villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? &c.

Oth.

Oth. Oh, she was foul !

[*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you uncle ; there lies your niece,
Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd ;
I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona ! I'm glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desp'rate turn ;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio had the act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confess'd it ;
And she did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognisance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her : I saw it in his hand ;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh Heav'n ! oh heav'nly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I peace !—

No, I will speak as liberal as the air ;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all.
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman ?

Æmil. O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore !

Æmil. She give it Cassio ? alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou lyest.

Æmil. By Heav'n, I do not ; I do not, Gentlemen,
Oh murd'rous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ?

Iago breaks through, and wounds his wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n?

For what then serves the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mont. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,

But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*]

S C E N E IV.

Oth. "I am not valiant neither;

"But every puny whipster gets my sword.

"But why should Honour outlive Honesty?

"Let it go all."

Emil. What did thy song boad, Lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music; *Willow, Willow, Willow* —

Moor, she was chaste; the lov'd thee, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Æmilia dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It was a sword of Spain, the Ebro's temper*;

Oh, here it is: uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me;

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,

That with this little arm, and this good sword,

* In the first edition it is, *Ise brook's temper*. Thence corrupted to, *Ice brook's* — *Ebro's temper*; the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world are the Catalonian *fusces*.

I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, tho' you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost fail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? oh ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl.
Ev'n like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heav'nly sight;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire—
Oh Desdemona! Desdemona! dead, dead! oh, oh!

S C E N E X.

Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano, and Iago prisoner, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down tow'ards his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou bee'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello wounds Iago,

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou, Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practise of a cursed slave, —
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth.

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you
From this time forth I never will speak word. [know;

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Rodorigo,
And here another; one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Rodorigo

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Rodorigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfy'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool.

Cas. There is, besides, in Rodorigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,

It

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.

"I've done the state some service, and they know't;

"No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,

"When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

"Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,

"Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak

"Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;

"Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,

"Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,

"Like the base Judean * threw a pearl † away

"Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,

"Albeit unused to the melting mood,

"Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

"Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:

"And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,

"Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk

"Beat a Venetian, and traduce'd the state,

"I took by the throat the circumcised dog,

"And smote him thus."

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee.—No way but
this, [To Desdemona.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Spartan dog ‡! [To Iago.]

* The oldest quarto reads *Indian*; and it was easy for the *e* to have been changed into an *i*. I suppose Shakespeare here alludes to the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne his wife; in some circumstances not unlike this; for both husbands violently loved, both were jealous, both were the occasion of their wives' deaths. Besides, the word *tribe* seems wholly to confirm this reading. And in support of it we may add, that, in the year 1613, the Lady Elisabeth Carew published a tragedy called *Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry*. Mr. Dodd.

† *pearl*, a metaphor, for a *fine woman*.

‡ The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind.

More

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poisons sight,—
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [Exeunt,

A

G L O S S A R Y,

EXPLAINING the obsolete and difficult Words in SHAKESPEAR's Works.

Note, That when a word is used but once, or in a sence which is singular, the volume and the page in which it is to be found, are noted down, the volumes by numeral letters, and the pages by figures.

And when a word is not properly English, but borrowed from a foreign language, and not familiarised by use into our own; the original word in such foreign language is set down.

A

TO *Aby*, i. 97. to suffer for, to pay dear for.

To *Accite*, to call, to summon, or send for. Lat. *Accire*.

To *Affeer*, to confirm, to ascertain. A law-term used in court-leets, and signifying to confirm or fix by persons properly chosen, the mulcts there imposed upon such as have committed faults arbitrarily punishable, and which have no express penalty annexed to them by any statute. Fr. *Affeur*.

To *Affie*, to affiance, to betroth; also, to confide.

To *Affront*, to front, or confront, or face.

An *Aglet*, the tag of a lace, or of the points formerly used as ornaments in dress, and which (for the greater finery) were often cut in the shape of little images. Fr. *Aiguillette*.

To *Agnize*, viii. 207. to acknowledge, to avow. Lat. *Agnoscere*.

Agood, i. 171. much, a great deal.

An *Aiery*, the nest of an hawk, and sometimes the brood of hawks belonging to a particular nest.

Aim, Cry *aim*, i. 211. encourage, approve.

Alder, of all. *Alder-Liefest*, dearest of all.

An *Ancient*, an ensign, or standard-bearer.

Anthropophaginian, i. 241. a man-eater. Gr. *Ἀνθρωποφάγος*.

Antic, ii. 31. a buffoon character in the old English farces, with a blacked face and a patch-work habit.

An *Antre*, viii. 205. a cave or cavern. Fr. *Antre*. Lat. *Antrum*.

To *Appeach*, iii. 16. to impeach.

To *Appeal*, to accuse.

Approof, the same as proof.

An *Argosie*, a ship; from *Argo*, the ship of the Argonauts.

Arch, chief.

Around thee! avaunt! stand off! begone! This word seems to come from the Latin, *Dii averruncant!*

Ascaunce,

Ascaunce, awray.

▲ *An Affinego*, vii. 187. an afs-driver or afs-keeper. Ital. *Afinaino*.

Até the goddess of mischief.

Attaints, iv. 126. the same as taints; stains, blemishes, unlawful actions, any strokes or touches of infection either in a natural or moral sense. Fr. *Atteintes*.

To *Atone*, to appease, to reconcile; also, to be reconciled, to agree.

B

Baccalare, li. 314. a self-conceited pretending spark; an arrogant presumptuous fellow. An Italian word.

To *Bain*, to destroy.

To *Bait*, a term in falconry, when the hawk spreads and claps her wings.

Baldrick, a belt. Fr. *Baudrier*.

Bale, misfortune, sorrow, deadly, poisonous.

Balk'd, iv. 81. floated: from the Italian verb *valicare*.

Ban-dogs, v. 20. dogs kept in bands, tied up.

To *Bandy*, to converse, to dispute, to quarrel, most especially by retorting angry and provoking words. A metaphor taken from striking the balls at tennis, which is the primary sense of the word. Fr. *Bander*.

Barbasen, iv. 260. the name of a devil or fiend. See vol. i. 209.

Barbed. See *Unbarbed*.

Base, country-base, iv. 243. a sport used amongst country-people, called *prison-base*; in which some pursue, to take others prisoners. And therefore "I bid the base," i. 127. is by using the language of that sport to say, "My business is to take prisoners."

Base court, iv. 49. a back-yard. Fr. *Bassecour*.

Basta, it sufficeth, it is enough. An Italian word.

Bestard, i. 295. a kind of sweet-wine. Ital. *Bestardo*.

Bated, abated, sunk.

▲ *Battel*, a flat piece of wood, with which washer-women beat coarse linen.

To *Batten*, to feed, to pasture.

Baven, brush-wood, faggot-wood.

Bawcock, a coaxing term; probably from the French *Bas coque*.

Bay, i. 274. the squared frame of a timber-house.

Bearns, children.

Behests or *Hefts*, commands.

▲ *Bergomask-dance*, i. 117. a dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people, and from thence it became a custom to mimic also their manner of dancing.

Beshrew! an imprecation; as, "Beshrew my heart!" *Ill betide my heart*.

To *Besmirsch* or *smirsch*, to besinear, to foul, to dirty.

Bestraught, mad, distracted.

To *Beleem*, i. 66. to yield. to deliver, to pour down upon. *Spem*.

A *Beaver*, that part of the helmet which lets down over the face, with a grate of iron bars before the eyes. Span. *Bavera*.

To *Bewray*, to discover, to reveal.

Bezonian, a beggarly scoundrel, a vile or needy person. Ital. *Bi-segneso*.

A *Biggen*, a cap or coif of linen like those worn by children with a stay under the chin. Fr. *Beguin*.

A *Bilberry*, the fruit of a small shrub, of a blue colour.

Bilbo, "like a good bilbo," i. 229. a sword blade of bilbo, which will bend almost round in a circle without breaking.

Bisson or *Beezen*, blear-eyed.

A *Blank*, vi. 98. a white or mark to shoot at. Fr. *Blanc*.

To *Blench*, to boggle, or turn aside with fear.

Blent, the same as blended, mingled.

Bold-bearing, i. 102. outfacing.

To *Bolt* or *Bault*, to sift as they do meal through a sieve.

Bolter'd, as *Blood-bolter'd*, vi. 276. one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve.

A *Bombard* or *Bumbard*, i. 28. a mortar-piece or great gun. Fr. *Bombarde*. But in other places, as v. 115. and v. 354. the word is used for a drinking vessel; and there is still in use in the northern parts of England a kind of flagon without a cover, and of the same bigness from top to bottom, which retains the name of a *gun*.

A *Borne*, a limit or boundary. Fr. *Borne*. This word (says the Oxford editor) hath been falsely printed *Bourn*, which signifies another thing, namely, a brook or stream of water: but other editors prefer *Bourn*, as signifying a limit or boundary.

A *Bow*, ii. 260. a yoke.

A *Brach*. The Italian word *Bracco*, from which this is derived, is understood to signify any kind of beagle, hound, or setting-dog: but Jo. Caius, in his book of British dogs, says, that with us it most properly belongs to bitches of the hunting kind, and in that sense Shakespear uses it.

To *Brack*, to salt. It is still used as an adjective in Lincolnshire and the northern counties: and *Brackish* is retained in use every where.

Braid or *Breid*, iii. 57. bred, of a breed, of a certain turn of temper and conditions from the breed. A Scots and north-country word.

A *Brake*, i. 83. & 89. a thicket or cover.

A *Brief*, iii. 31. any process or order issuing from the King.

Breached, iv. 421. spitted, thrust through with a spit. Fr. *Brochéc*.

A *Broch*, or *Brooch*, or *Browch*, an ornament of gold worn by women sometimes about the neck, and sometimes about the arm.

A *Brock*, iii. 113. a badger.

To *Brooch*, vii. 152. to adorn.

Brogues, the shoes or pumps which are worn by the Irish peasants.

To *Budge*, or *Bodge*, v. 102. to give way, to stir, to quit a place.

Fr. *Bouger*.

A Burgonet, v. 85. a steel cap, worn for the defence of the head in battle. Fr. *Bourguinotte*.

Busky, or **Bosky**, woody: from the old French word *Bosc*, of which *Bosquet* now in use is a diminutive.

C

A Cade, v. 63. a cask. Lat. *Cadus*. Also, when joined to the name of any beast, it signifies *tame*, brought up by hand.

Cadis, iii. 257. a galloon or binding made of worsted. A French word.

Caliver, the diameter or bore of a gun: thence sometimes the gun itself. Fr. *Calibre*.

A Callat. This word has two significations: sometimes a scold, and sometimes a lewd drab.

Candent, hot, scalding.

A Cattle, iv. 121. a piece or lump, a division or segment of land, or other thing. Ital. *Cantone*. Fr. *Canton*.

A Canzonet, ii. 174. a song, a ditty. Ital. *Canzonetta*.

Cappocchia, vii. 323. a fool. An Italian word.

A Carack, iii. 176. a slow, heavy-built vessel of burthen, used by the Spaniards and Portuguese. Ital. *Caracca*.

Caratts, i. 319. characters.

A Carcanet, a necklace. Fr. *Carcan*.

A Carle, a clown, a churl.

Carat, the weight which distinguishes the fineness of gold. Fr. *Carat*.

A Cask, an helmet. Fr. *Casque*.

Castle, a close helmet which covered the whole head.

Cataian, i. 99. Cataia is a country on the north of China, which, in the time of Q. Elisabeth, was reported by the first voyagers thither to be rich in gold ore; and upon that encouragement many persons were persuaded to adventure great sums of money in fitting out ships thither, as for a most gainful trade; but it proved a notorious deceit and falsehood: hence *Cataian* stands for one of no credit, a notorious liar.

Catlings, vii. 319. small strings for musical instruments made of catgut.

Cattel, viii. 98. fraud, deceit, an ill-designing craft, in order to insnare. So

Cautelus, vi. 362. crafty, cunning, deceitful. So is the French *Cautelaux* always used in a bad sense, dangerously artificial.

A Gearment, viii. 103. the wrapping of an embalmed body. Ital. *Ceramento*.

A Censer, iv. 242. a plate or dish in which they burnt incense, and at the bottom of which was usually represented in rude carving the figure of some saint. Fr. *Encensoir*.

Charneq, v. 32. a sort of sweet wine. As *Charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine tree, 'tis thought the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it.

Charadren,

Chawdron, vi. 273. a dish of meat still used in the northern parts of England made of the intrails of a calf.

A Chevril, a kid. Fr. *Chevreau*.

A Chewel, iv. 146. a pye or magpye. Fr. *Chouette* or *Chevette*.

Childing, i. 74. teeming, bearing fruit.

A Chioppine, viii. 124. a thick piece of cork, bound about with tin or silver, worn by the women in Spain at the bottom of their shoes to make them appear taller; a tight-heel'd shoe or slipper. Span. *Chapin*.

A Chough or *Cornish chough*, a bird, which frequents the rocks by the sea-side, most like to a jackdaw, but bigger.

Cinque-pace, a grave dance so called. Fr. *Cinque-pas*.

A Cital, iv. 150. a recital, taxation.

To Clepe, to call.

Cobloaf, vii. 287. a mis-shapen loaf of bread, run out in the baking into lumps and protuberances.

Cockle, a weed in corn.

To Cockle, to shrink, to wrinkle up.

A Cockney, one born and bred in the city, and ignorant of all things out of it.

Coin or *Coin*, a corner. Fr. *Coin*.

Coil, bustle, tumult, turmoil.

Colled, i. 66. footy, black.

Comart, a bargain.

Commere, viii. 281. a she-gossip.

To Con, to learn, to know, to understand. *To con thanks*, means the same as to *give thanks*, being to be reckoned a particular phrase, and indeed a Gracism, *ye dev oids*.

To Convent, iii. 152. to concur, to be suitable. Lat. *Convenire*.

To Convince, to overcome; in which sense the Latin word *Convincere* is used sometimes.

To Convive, to feast together. Lat. *Convivere*.

Copatain, ii. 354. copped, high raised, pointed: from *Coppe*, the top or point of any thing.

To Cope, to encounter; also, viii. 63. to invest one's self with, as with a cope or mantle.

Cornette, a woman's head-dress for the night.

A Corollary, i. 45. an over-measure in any thing, or a surplus thrown in. Fr. *Corollaire*. Lat. *Corollarium*.

A Cofier, a butcher: from the old French *Coufer*, to sew.

To Courb, viii. 152. to bend. Fr. *Courber*.

To Cower, to sink or squat down. Ital. *Covare*. Fr. *Couver*.

To Crash, viii. 12. to be merry over: a *Crash* being a word still used in some countries for a merry bout.

To Craven, vii. 213. to make recreant or cowardly.

A Cresset, iv. 119. a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower: from the French word *Croisette*, a little cross; because the beacons anciently had crosses on the top of them.

Crete, ii. 183. white. Lat. *Creta*.

Cript, vaulted. Lat. *Crypsa*, a vault.

A *Croan*, ii. 230. an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman.

Cuiffes, iv. 138. armour for the thighs. Fr. *Cuiffarts*.

A *Cullion*, a fool, a dull stupid cuddon. Ital. *Coglione*.

A *Cuttle*, iv. 191. in its proper sense is a sea-fish; which, by throwing out a black juice like ink, fouls the water, and so escapes the fisher. Hence, by metaphor, it is used to signify a foul-mouth'd fellow.

Curfeu, the eight o'clock bell. Fr. *Couvre feu*.

D

To *Dasse*, to put by, to turn aside with slight and neglect.

Dank, moist, damp, wet, rotten.

To *Darraign*, v. 114. to range, or put in order. Fr. *Arranger*.

A *Deck* of cards, the same as a pack.

A *Deem*, vii. 327. a supposition, a surmise.

To *Defend*, viii. 208. to forbid. Fr. *Defendre*.

Defily, nimbly, briskly. *Defit*, nimble, ready, neat, spruce.

To *Deracinate*, to eradicate, to root up. Fr. *Deraciner*.

Dewberries, i. 87. strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble, called the *creeping* or the *lesser bramble*: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind.

A *Dibble*, an instrument with which gardeners make holes in the earth.

To *Diet*, to limit, to controul, to prescribe to.

To *Disceandy*, to dissolve, to melt, to thaw.

To *Discomfit*, to rout, to overthrow.

Disnes, vii. 290. tenths. A French word.

To *Disperge*, to sprinkle, to scatter. Lat. *Dispergo*.

To *Dspunge*, vii. 143. to squeeze out of a sponge.

To *Doff*, to put off.

Drass, iv. 140. wash for hogs.

To *Drumble*, i. 221. to drone, to be sluggish. Ital. *Dormigliare*.

Dulcet, sweet. Lat. *Dulcis*.

E

To *Ear* or *Are*, to plow or till. Lat. *Aro*.

Esfel, viii. 179. vinegar.

Eld, old times; also, old age.

To *Else*, vi. 37. to intangle hair in so intricate a manner, that it is not to be unravelled. This the vulgar have supposed to be the work of fairies in the nights: and all hair so matted together, hath had the name of *Else-locks*.

To *Emball*, v. 303. to make up into a pack. Fr. *Emballer*.

Embarrment, obstacle.

Emborwell'd, iii. 18. emptied.

To *Emmew*, i. 290. to mew up, to coop up.

An *Engle*, ii. 339. a gull, a put, a bubble: derived from the French word *Engluer*, which signifies to catch with bird-lime.

Engluttred,

- Engluttet*, iv. 307. swallowed up. Fr. *Englanti*.
To Enlard, to fatten, encourage.
To Enmesh, viii. 230. to intangle in the meshes of a net.
To Ensear, to sear up, to make dry.
To Enconce, to cover as with a fort, to secure.
Enshield, i. 284. shielded, protected.
Ensteeped, viii. 214. lying under water.
To Entame, ii. 264. to tame, to subdue.
To Entraine, to draw, allure.
Entremes, vi. 272. intrails.
Efcoted, viii. 122. pension'd : from the French *Efcot*, a shot or reckoning.
Exigent, a law-term, a writ sued out when the defendant is not to be found, being part of the process leading to an outlawry. Sake-spear uses it for any extremity.
Expedient, the same as expeditious. *Expedience*, expedition.
Exsufflate, viii. 238. whisper'd, buzz'd in the ears : from the Italian verb *Suffolare*.
Eyas, or *Eyef*, a young unfledged hawk ; from the Italian *Niaso*, which originally signifies any young bird taken from the nest unfledged ; metaphorically a silly fellow. For *Eyas-musket*, see *Musket*.
An Eyery, an hawk's nest.

F

- To Fade*, to disappear, to vanish.
A Farrow, vi. 274. the litter of a sow.
Farfed or *Farced*, stuff'd out. Fr. *Farci*.
A Farthel or *Fardel*, a bundle, a pack, a burthen. Ital. *Fardello*.
Favour, countenance, visage.
Fell, fierce, cruel.
A Fell, a skin or hide of a beast. *Fell of hair*, vi. 293. is the whole scalp upon which the hair grows.
A Feodary, i. 285. one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord.
Fewness, i. 266. rarity.
Fights, i. 205. any manner of defence, either small arms or cannon.
A Fitchew, vi. 76. a polecat.
A Flamen, a priest ; a Latin word.
Flaws, sudden gusts of wind. See vol. iv. 222.
Flecker'd, viii. 29. spotted, speckled, flush'd with red spots.
Flew'd, i. 104. *Flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound.
To Flicker, vi. 35. to smile.
Flouriets, i. 102. young blossoms, young springing flowers.
To Flout, vi. 234. to dash a thing in a person's face.
To Foin, to push in fencing.
To Foredo, to undo, to overcome, to lay violent hands upon.
To Forefend, to prevent, to forbid.
To Foreflow, to delay.
Forted, i. 318. fortified, secure.

Fortin, iv. 102. a little fort raised to defend a camp, particularly in a siege where the principal quarters are joined by lines defended by fortins and redoubts. A French word.

A *Foisset* or *Faucet*, a tap or peg of a barrel. Fr. *Faufsette*.

Foule, Fr. the croud or multitude running away in a rout or confusion:

Foyson or *Foizon*, plenty, especially of fruits of the earth; harvest. Fr. *Foisons*.

Frank'd up, v. 191. shut up in a frank, which is a sty for feeding a boar.

A *Franklin*, a country-freeholder.

To *Frush*, vii. 353. to break, bruise, or crush. Fr. *Froisser*.

Fulhams, i. 191. a cant word for false dice both high and low, taken probably from the name of the first inventor, or the place where they were first made. The word is used, and hath the same sense in *Hudibras*, part 2. cant. 1. v. 642. And in *Don Quixote*, fol. edit. 1687. translated by Phillips, part 2. book 3. chap. 16. *I am no paumer, no high-and-low-Fulham-man*. See also North's *Examēn*, p. 108.

G

A *Gabardine*, the coarse frock of a shepherd or fisherman, or any peasant: thence also any loose cassock. Ital. *Gavardina*.

Gain-giving, viii. 185. the same as misgiving, a giving-against: as gain-saying, which is still in use, is saying against or contradicting.

A *Gallimaufry*, iii. 261. an hotch-potch, or hash of several sorts of broken meat, a medley. Fr. *Gallimafrée*.

To *Gallow*, vi. 49. to scare, to frighten.

Gallows, ii. 190. a knave, one fit for the gallows. Skinner.

Gallow-glasses, v. 76. vi. 233. heavy-armed foot.

Garboils, vii. 82. disorders, tumults, uproars.

Garish, gaudy, glaring, flaunting.

Gasted, vi. 30. as aghasted, frightened, dismayed.

To *Gaude*, iii. 202. to rejoice. Fr. *Gaudir*.

A *Gaude*, a toy, a trifle, a bauble.

To *Geap*, ii. 180. to jeer, ridicule.

Gear or *Geer*, stuff.

A *Geck*, a bubble easily imposed upon. To *Geck*, is to cheat.

Germin, the first sprouting of seed of a branch. Lat. *Germen*.

Gests, noble actions, exploits, feats: a word so used by Chaucer and Spenser. Lat. *Res geste*, or *Gesta*.

Geste, iii. 207. the roll or journal of the several days and stages prefixed in the progresses of our kings; many of them being still extant in the herald's office; a stage or journey. Fr. *Giste* or *Gite*.

A *G bbe*, any old worn-out useless animal.

Giglets or *Giglots*, wanton women, drabs, strumpets.

Gimmel, or *Gimtal*, or *Jymold*. This word Skinner interprets only as applied to a ring consisting of two or more rounds, and thence derives

derives it from the French *Gemeau*, and the Latin *Gemellus*. **A Jymold bitt** therefore, iv. 304. may well be taken in that sense, from the little rings often annexed to bitts to play in the horse's mouth. But *Gimmals*, iv. 341. carries a more general signification; such as the word *Gimcracks* has now, viz. some little quaint devices or pieces of machinery.

A Glaive, a cutting sword, a cimeterre; used also by Spencer. **A** French word.

To Gleeke, to joke, jeer, or scoff.

To Glofe, to flatter, to colloque.

To Glofs, iv. 252. to interpret, to comment upon. **Fr. Glofer.**

Godild you! God shield you!

Gord, i. 191. an instrument of gaming.

Gossamer, or *Gossamour*, the long white cobwebs which fly in the air in calm sunny weather, especially about the time of autumn.

Goujeres, the French disease, (*lues venerea*); from the French word *Gouje*, which signifies a common camp-trull; as *Goujer* signifies a man who deals with such prostitutes. These words *Gouje* and *Goujer* being used as common terms of reproach among the vulgar, and because that loathsome disease was first brought from the siege of Naples about the year 1495, by the French army, and the women who followed it, and was by them dispersed over all Europe; therefore the first name it got among us was the *Goujeres*; the disease of the *Goujes*.

Gouts, vi. 249. drops. **Fr. Gouttes.**

Gratulate, i. 332. fit for gratulation.

Grice, or *Grise*, or *Griese*, or *Greeze*; degrees, steps, stairs. **Fr. Grez.**

Grimalkin, a name given to a cat.

Grime, dirt, filth, stain, smut.

A Groundling, viii. 134. a fish which keeps at the bottom of the water: hence one of the low vulgar.

Guard, the hem or welt of a garment; also any lace or galloon upon the seams or borders of it. **To Guard**, to lace over, to adorn.

Guerdon, reward; an old French word now disused.

Gyves, shackles. **To Gyve**, to catch, to shackle.

H

To Hack, to hackney, to turn hackney or prostitute.

An Haggard, ii. 30. a wild hawk.

To Harp, vi. 274. to seize, to lay hold of. **Fr. Harper.**

Harper, vi. 272. a name given by the witches to some of their mischievous imps.

To Harry, vii. 116. to hare, to ruffle. **Fr. Harer.**

To Hatch, vii. 278. a term in drawing, to shade off, and finish with the fine strokes of a pen.

A Having (a substantive) is very frequently used for a possession in any thing.

Hefts, iii. 221. the same as heavings.

Helmed, i. 298. guided, conducted.

A Henchman, ii. 74. a page, usher.

To

- To *Hend*, to seize, to lay hold of; also to hem in, to surround.
Hent, viii. 205. use, custom.
Heried, i. 74. praised, celebrated.
Heris, master; an old Scots word.
Hests or *Behests*, commands. *Hest*, vi. 7. regal command.
Hight, named or called; or is named or called.
Hilding or *Hinderling*, base, degenerate, set at nought.
To *Hocle*, to hamstring, to cut the sinews about the ham or hough.
Holding sometimes signifies the burden or chorus of a song.
Hollidam, ii. 359. holy dame, blessed lady.
Holy-day, to speak *holy-day*, i. 216. to speak in a high-flown, fustian style.
Hose, ii. 177. breeches. Fr. *Chausses*, or *Haut de Chaussées*.
To *Hull*, v. 310. to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.
To *Hurtle*, to skirmish, to clash, to run against any thing, to jostle, to meet in shock and encounter. Fr. *Heurter*. Ital. *Urtare*.
An *Hyen* or *Hyena*, ii. 270. an animal of which many wonderful things are told; among which one is, that it can imitate the voice and laughter of men.

I

- Jesses*, a term in falconry; short straps of leather tied about the legs of an hawk, with which she is held on the fist.
Imboft, iii. 51. a hunting term; when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboft*. A dog also, when he is strained with hard running, (especially upon hard ground), will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *imboft*: from the French word *Bosse*, which signifies a tumour.
Impage, grafting; from *Impe*, a graft, a slip.
Importance, iii. 151. the same as importunity.
Important, the same as importunate.
Incony, or *Kony*, delicate. A north country word.
An *Ind'gest*, iii. 362. chaos, (*rudis ind'gestaque moles*).
Induction, iv. 181. the same as introduction; also inducement.
To *inherit*, to possess.
To *Insconce*, to cover as with a fort, to secure.
Intraintments, viii. 101. coyness.
Intrenchant, vi. 296. incroaching. *The intrenchant air*, means the air which suddenly incroaches and closes upon the space left by any body which had passed through it.
Jymold. See *Gimmel*.

K

- Kam*, "Clean kam," vi. 351. crooked, athwart, awray, crofs from the purpose. Ital. *A-schembo*. Irish *Camb*, *clean kam* is, by vulgar pronunciation, brought to *Kim-kam*.
To *Keel*, ii. 216. seems here to mean to drink so deep, as to turn up the bottom of the pot; like turning up the keel of a ship.
Kernes, Irish boors; light-armed foot.

- A Kestrel**, a little kind of bastard hawk.
A Ketch, a tub, a cask, a barrel, a hogthead. Fr. *Caque*.
Kickfy-wickfy, iii. 34. a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife.
Kindled, ii. 256. to kindle, is the word for rabbits bringing forth their young.
A Kirtle, a woman's gown.

L

- Labra**, i. 184. a lip. An Italian word.
To Land-damm, iii. 324. Probably this was a coarse expression in the cant-strain formerly in common use, but since laid aside, and forgotten; which meant the *taking away a man's life*. For *Land* or *Lant* is an old word for *urine*; and to stop the common passages and functions of nature, is to *kill*.
Latten, i. 184. a facitious metal; tinned plates beaten out very thin. Fr. *Léan ou Laiton*.
Laund, the same as lawn, a plain extended between woods. Fr. *Lande*.
Lavolia, an old dance, in which was much turning, and much capering. Fr. *La volte*.
A Leash, a leathern thong, by which a falconer holds his hawk, or a courser leads his greyhound. Ital. *Laccio*.
To Leech, to lick over. Fr. *Lécher*.
To Leech, to cure. A *Leech*, a physician.
Leer, or *Lear*, earth, mold.
A Leman, a sweet-heart, a gallant, or a mistress. Fr. *L'aimant*, *L'aimante*.
Lethe, death, destruction.
A Libbard, ii. 206. a leopard.
Lief, dear, beloved, rather.
A Linstock, a staff of wood, with a match at the end of it, used by gunners in firing cannon.
Ether, iv. 391. soft, mild.
A Lob, i. 72. a lubber, a looby.
Loch, a lake. A Scots word.
Loches, viii. 210. a very pleasant confection introduced into medicine by the Arabian physicians.
Lockram, a sort of coarse linen.
Loggats, viii. 174. the ancient name of a play or game, which is one among the unlawful games enumerated in the statute 33. Henry VIII. It is the same which is now called *Kittle-pins*, in which boys often make use of bones instead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling.
Lozell, a lazy lubber.
A-Luce, i. 181. a pike or jack.
Lunes, fits of lunacy or frenzy, mad freaks. The French say of a man who is but fantastical and whimsical, *Il a des lunes*.
Lush, i. 20. of a dark, deep, full colour, opposite to pale and faint. Fr. *Louche*.
Lustic, iii. 28. lusty. A Dutch word.
Lustrous, iii. 20. full of lustre.

Lym,

Lym, vi. 59. a lime-hound. *J. Caius* derives the name from *Lyamme*, which is an old word, signifying a strap or thong with which dogs are led.

M

Mail'd, v. 34. cloth'd or covered as with armour.

Malhechor, a poisoner. A Spanish word. *Miching malhechor*, viii. 138. lying in wait for the prisoner.

To *Mammer*, to hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old English writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer.

▲ *Mammet*, a puppet, a figure dressed up; a girl.

Manour, or *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law-term, (from the French *Mainaver* or *Manier*, Lat. *Manu-trahere*), signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *Manour* or *Mainour*, is to be taken with the thing stoln about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, *in the fact*. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See *Manwood's* edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292. where it is spelt *Manner*.

Mappery, vii. 281. the art of planning and designing.

To *Mate*, vi. 289. to confound, to conquer, to overcome, to subdue. *Spen*.

▲ *Maukin* or *Malkin*, a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens; thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up; thence a dirty wench.

▲ *Mazzard*, viii. 174. a jaw. Fr. *Maschoire*.

▲ *Meacock*, ii. 320. an uxorious or effeminate man.

To *Meal*, i. 307. to mingle.

▲ *Medecin*, vi. 390. a physician.

Meed most frequently stands for reward; but it is sometimes used for merit; as vi. 106. See also *Minsbew*.

Meered, vii. 129. relating to a boundary; *Meer* being a boundary or mark of division.

Meether, vii. 212. beauty.

▲ *Meiny*, people, a retinue, domestic servants. Fr. *Mesjue*.

To *Mell*, iii. 63. to mix, to mingle. Fr. *Méler*.

Mephosphophilus, the name of an infernal spirit in the old fabulous history of Dr. Faustus.

▲ *Mew*, ii. 306. a confinement at home.

▲ *Micher*, iv. 114. a truant, a lazy loiterer, who sculks about in corners and by-places, and keeps out of sight; a hedge-creeper.

Miching, viii. 138. secret, covered, lying hid; lying in wait.

Ming, mixture, composition.

▲ *Minnaw*, the smallest of fishes, small fry.

Misprised, sometimes it signifies mistaken, from the French verb *méprendre*; sometimes undervalued or disdained, from the French verb *mépriser*.

▲ *Misprision*, a mistake.

Mobled,

Mobled, or *Mabled*, viii. 126. veiled.

Modern, common, ordinary, vulgar.

▲ *Moldwarp*, a mole.

▲ *Mome*, iii. 175. a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade; the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatsoever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken; from hence also comes our word *Mum!* for silence.

▲ *Mooncalf*, an idiot.

Mulld, vi. 373. softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweetened. Lat. *Mollitus*.

▲ *Mummer*, vi. 324. a masker. *Mummerie*, masquerading. Fr. *Momerie*.

▲ *Mure*, a wall. Lat. *Murus*.

Murk, darknefs. *Murry*, dark.

▲ *Musket*, a male hawk of a small kind, the female of which is the sparrow-hawk; so that *Eyas musket*, i. 218. is a young unfledg'd male hawk of that kind. Fr. *Mouchet*.

▲ *Musfs*, vii. 132. a scramble.

N

Nayward, "to th' nayward," iii. 222. to the side of denial, towards the saying Nay.

▲ *Nay-word*, iii. 106. the same as by-word; a word of contempt: also a word secretly agreed upon, as among soldiers, for the distinguishing friends from foes.

▲ *Neafe*, or *Neife*, or *Neive*, a fist.

▲ *Neb*, iii. 211. the bill or beak of a bird.

Nick, "out of all nick," i. 164. out of all count; i. e. extravagantly. A phrase taken from accounts when calculations were made by nicking on numbers upon a stick.

Nine-mens morris, a kind of rural chess.

▲ *Nole*, i. 89. a noddle.

O

Ocillades, glances. Fr. *Ocillades*.

▲ *An Opal*, iii. 109. a precious stone reflecting almost all colours. Fr. *Opale*. Lat. *Opalus*.

Orgillous, vii. (Prol. to Tr. and Cress.), proud. Fr. *Orgueilleux*.

Orts, scraps, fragments, leavings.

● *Osprey*, vi. 379. the sea-eagle; of which it is reported, that when he hovers in the air, all the fish in the water underneath turn up their bellies, and lie still for him to seize which he pleases. One of the names of this bird is *Ossifraga*, from which by corruption is deduced *Osprey*. See Gesner, and William Turner. The name in Pliny is *Halæetus*.

▲ *An Ostent*, a shew, an outward appearance. Lat. *Ostentus*.

▲ *To Overween*, to reach beyond the truth of any thing in thought, especially in the opinion of a man's self.

Ouphe,

Ouphe, the same as *Elfe*, from which it is a corruption, a fairy, a hobgoblin.

Ouphen, elfish, of fairy-kind.

An Ouzie, a blackbird.

Owches, iv. 189. bosses or buttons of gold set with diamonds. The word is mentioned in an old statute of Henry VIII. made against excess in apparel; it is also used by Chaucer and Spencer.

To *Owe*, is very frequently used for possess; to be the owner of; especially where the author would imply an absolute right or property in the thing possessed.

P

▲ *Paddock*, a toad, or frog.

Palabras, ii. 43. o' my word. Span. *Do Palabra*. *Pocas Palabras*, ii. 289. few words.

Pale-clip, i. 45. inclosed or fenced with pales.

▲ *Pallament*, vi. 169. a robe. Ital. *Parliament*.

▲ *Pantaloen*, ii. 246. a man's garment anciently worn, in which the breeches and stockings were all of a piece. Fr. *Pantalon*.

▲ *Pantler*, the officer in a great family who keeps the bread. Fr. *Panetier*.

To *Pantler*, vii. 145. to run after one like a footman.

To *Paragon*, to compare. Fr. *Paragonner*; also to equal, viii. 213.

▲ *Paragon*, a complete model or pattern.

▲ *Parator*, the same as apparitor or apparitor; an officer belonging to the spiritual courts, who carries summons, and serves processes.

To *Parget*, to daub or plaister over.

Partlet, iii. 230. a name given to a hen; the original signification being a ruff, or band, or covering for the neck.

▲ *Pash*, iii. 210. a kiss. Span. *Paz*. *La paz de Judas*, is a phrase with the Spaniards, by which they express treachery.

To *Pash*, to dash.

Patens, ii. 134. a round plate of gold borne in heraldry; the cover of the sacramental cup.

▲ *Pelt*, a skin or hide. Lat. *Pellis*.

Pelting, (a pelting village, a pelting farm), has the same sense as beggarly. There is a rot among sheep, particularly called the *Pelt-rot*; which is, when the sheep from poverty and ill keeping first lose their wool, and then die. This word comes from *Pelt*, a skin; the poor being generally clothed in leather.

Perdy, vi. 40. an oath. Fr. *Par Dieu*.

Periapt, iv. 396. amulets; charms worn as preservatives against diseases or mischief. Gr. *Περιαπτήρ*, *Pro amuleto appendo*. Steph.

▲ *Pet*, a lamb taken into the house, and brought up by hand; a coddle-lamb.

▲ *Petar*, viii. 153. a kind of little cannon filled with powder, and used for the breaking down the gates of a town, and for countermining. Fr. *Petard*.

Picked, sharp, smart. Fr. *Pique*.

Pight, pitched, placed, fixed.

A *Pike*, vi. 300. a fork.

A *Pilcher*, a furr'd gown or case, any thing lined with furr; a cloak or coat of skins.

Pin, vi. 55. a horny induration of the membranes of the eye.

Pink, i. 205. a vessel of the small craft, employed as a carrier (and so called) for merchants.

A *Pix*, iv. 286. a little chest or box wherein the consecrated host is kept in Roman Catholic countries. Lat. *Pixis*.

Plage, vi. 12. place, country, or boundary. Lat. *Plâga*.

Planchèd gate, i. 303. a gate of boards.

To *Plash*, to reduce into order the largest and most riotous plants in a hedge, by cutting deep into their bodies, to make them bend down, and then interweaving them with the lower parts of the hedge. The original and true word is to *Pleach*, by vulgar use pronounced *Plash*.

To *Pleach*, to twist together, to interweave.

Point-device, ii. 257. exact to the greatest nicety. Fr. *A points de-visés*. The expression is used by Chaucer.

Poll'd, vi. 373. shaven.

Pomander, iii. 269. a little round ball of perfumes. Fr. *Pomme d'ambre*.

Pomwater, iii. 269. a very large apple.

A *Precisian*, i. 196. one who professes great sanctity, a ghostly father, a spiritual guide.

Prime, viii. 244. prompt; from the Celtique or British *Prim*.

Primero, a game at cards. Span. *Primera*.

A *Prizer*, ii. 253. a prize-fighter.

To *Procter*, vii. 160. to plead by an advocate.

Proface, iv. 238. much good may do you! Ital. *Profaccia*.

To *Propend*, vii. 294. to lean more, to incline more favourably, Lat. *Propendeo*.

Properties, a term much used at the playhouses for the habits and implements necessary for the representation; and they who furnish them, are called *Property-men*. This seems to have arisen from that sense of the word *Property*, which signifies a blind, a tool, a stalking-horse.

To *Purpie*, to overlay with tinsel, gold thread, &c. Fr. *Pourpiller*.

A *Puttock*, a kite.

Q

A *Quab*, a gudgeon, (*Gobio caplatus*. Skin.); and a gudgeon is often used in a figurative sense for a soft easy fool, ready to swallow any bait laid for him.

To *Quail*, to droop, to languish, to faint.

A *Quarrel*, v. 302. a large arrow so called.

Quatch, iii. 25. squat or flat.

Queasy, vi. 29. sickish, nauseating.

A *Quell*, vi. 247. a murderous conquest. In the common acceptation, to *quell*, signifies to subdue any way; but it comes from a Saxon word, which signifies to kill.

A *Quern*, a churn; also a mill.

A *Quest*, vi. 70. a lamentation, a complaint. Lat. *Questus*.

A *Questant* or *Questa*, one who goes in quest of any thing.

Quill, ("deliver our supplications in quill," v. 13.); this may be supposed to have been a phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man when he stands upright upon his feet, without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *Quille* in French is a nine-pin; and in some parts of England nine-pins are still called *Cayls*; which word is used in the statute 33. Henry VIII. cap. 9. *Quille* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright.

Quillets, quibbles, querks, subtilties; law-chicane, a false charge, or an evasive answer.

Quips, i. 162. gibes, flouts.

A *Quintain*, ii. 228. a butt, a post, or the figure of a man set up in wood for the purpose of military exercises, throwing darts, breaking lances, or running a tilt against it. Fr. *Quintaine*.

To *Quote*, to understand, to interpret, to rate, to estimate, to reckon.

R

The *Rack*, vii. 147. & viii. 126. the course or driving of the clouds; the vestige of an embodied cloud, which hath been broken and dissipated by the wind.

Raided, blotted, stained, souled: the same as *Beraied*, which is the term more known of late days. Fr. *Rayé*.

Rash, iv. 223. dry.

To *Rate*, ii. 45. to rail or revile.

Raught, the same as reached.

To *Ravin*, to snatch or devour greedily.

A *Raze* of ginger, iv. 96. this is the Indian word for a bale, and must be distinguished from *Race*, which signifies a single root of ginger.

Rear-mice or *Rere-mice*, bats.

Rebato, ii. 40. an ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. Menage saith it comes from *Rabattre*, to put back; because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turned back towards the shoulders.

A *Recheate*, ii. 7. a particular lesson upon the horn to call dogs back from the scent; from the old French word *Recet*, which was used in the same sense as *Retraite*.

Reckless or *Reckless*, regardless, negligent.

To *Reck*, to regard, to care, to be anxious about, to regret the loss of. *Reechy* or *Reeky*, smoaky, or soiled with smoak, or a dark yellow; thence also sweaty or filthy with sweat.

Reed, lesson, doctrine, counsel.

Reer, vi. 38. slow, backward, unwilling to shew itself.

Reguerdon, iv. 370. recompence.

To *Rein*, to curb, to restrain.

To *Releve*, i. 64. to heighten, to add to. Fr. *Relever*.

To *Renega*, vi. 34. to renounce. Span. *Renegar*.

Riband,

Ribaud, debauched, abandoned, prostituted, a luxurious squanderer.
Fr. *Ribaud*.

Ribi, iv. 107. drink away! Italian. The imperative mood of *Ribère*, which is the same as *Ribevere*, to drink again.

Riggish, wanton.

Rigol, iv. 226. a circle; from the Italian *Rigole*, which signifies a little round wheel or trundle.

Roisting, vii. 295. blustering, swagging.

A *Rood*, a cross.

A *Rowse*, viii. 94. the same as a carowse.

Roynish, mangy, scabby. Fr. *Rogneux*.

A *Ruddock*, vii. 232. a robin-red-breast.

Rudeboy, iii. 136. rude companion, rude fellow!

A *Runnion* or *Ronyon*, a scabby or mangy man or woman. Fr. *Rogneux* and *Rogneuse*.

Ruth, pity, compassion.

S

Sacring-bell, v. 226. the little bell which is rung in the procession of the host, to give notice of its approach, or to call to some holy office. From the French word *Sacer*, to consecrate or dedicate to the service of God.

Sad, is frequently used for grave, sober, serious.

To *Sagg*, is (properly) to sink on one side, as weights do when they are not balanced by equal weights on the other.

Sallet or *Salade*, v. 77. a helmet. Corrupted from *Calata*, a helmet, (says Skinner), *quia galea calata fuerunt*. Span. *Celada*. Fr. *Salade*.

Salier, iii. 261. a term in heraldry; one of the ordinaries in form of St. Andrew's cross.

Sanded, i. 104. of a sandy colour, which is one of the colours belonging to a true blood-hound.

San Domingo, iv. 239. St. Dominick. Span.

Sans, without. A French word.

A *Saw*, a wise saying, a proverb.

Say, vi. 91. essay. Fr. *Essai*.

To *Scan*, to converse, to examine, to weigh and consider well any business.

Scarfed, ii. 95. pierced or joined close together; a term used by the shipbuilders.

Scathe, harm, hurt, mischief, damage. *Scatheful*, mischievous.

A *Sconce*, a fort, a fortress; also a man's head.

A *Score*, i. 16. account; not the number twenty.

To *Scotch*, to hack, or cut, to bruise, to crush. Ital. *Schiacciare*.

Scuryles, iii. 310, the disease called the king's-evil. Fr. *Escrrouelles*; here given as a name of contempt and abuse to the men of Angiers; as we sometimes scurrilously call men *scabs*.

To *Scutch*, iv. 208. to switch, to whip, to scourge. Ital. *Scuticare*.

Seam, vii. 300. tallow, fat.

A *Seamall*, a kind of gull, a bird haunting the sea-coasts.

Sear'd, i. 282. old. In the *sear*, signifies old age.

Seedness, i. 266. feed-time. An old word.

To *Seel*, vi. 264. a term in falconry, to run a silk through the eyelids of a young hawk, and to draw them near together, in order to make the hawk bear a hood.

Sequels, a great man's train. A French word.

Sessa or *Sessey*, peace, be quiet. Lat. *Cessa*.

Shamois, i. 32. young kids.

A *Shard*, vii. 113. a tile, or broken piece of a tile: thence figuratively a scale or shell upon the back of any creature. The *Shard-horn-beetle*, means the beetle that is borne up by wings hard and glazed like a potsherd.

Sharded, scaled.

To *Shark up*, viii. 88. to pick up in a thievish manner. Fr. *Chercher*. *Sheen*, clear, bright; smiling, shining; also brightness, lustre: used in the first and last sense by Spencer.

To *Shend*, to blame, to reprove, to rate, to rebuke, to disgrace, to evil-intreat.

A *Shive*, vi. 180. a slice.

A *Showghe*, vi. 261. a rough-coated dog, a shock.

Shrift, confession. To *Shrive*, to confess.

A *Siege*, a feat; also, i. 30. the fundament of a man, in which sense the French often use it; *Mal au siege*; *une fistule au siege*.

Sieg'd, ii. 306. placed, seated, fixed.

Sizes, vi. 43. certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public societies are set down to the account of particular persons. A word still used in the colleges of the universities.

Sized, viii. 125. bedawbed as with size, which is a glewish composition used by painters. Ital. *Sisa*.

To *Skirr*, to scour about a country.

Sleaded or *Sleded*, viii. 87. carried on a sled or sledge.

Slop, wide-knee'd breeches.

Slough, an hulk, an outward skin.

Smirch'd, ii. 39. smeared, dawbed, dirtied.

To *Sneap*, to check, to snub, to rebuke.

A *Snipe*, viii. 211. a diminutive woodcock.

Sooth, true or truth, a reality; also iv. 48. adulation, in the sense of the verb to *Sooth*.

To *Sowle*, vi. 372. to lug or pull.

A *Sowter*, iii. 114. a cobbler. Lat. *Sutor*. In this passage it is intended as the name of a dog.

To *Sperre*, vii. 265. to bolt, to barricado, or any ways fasten.

Spleen, is often used for a sudden start, a hasty motion, a momentary quickness.

A *Spray*, a young tender shoot or branch of a tree.

Spurs, the fibres of a root or tree.

To *Square*, to jar, to wrangle or quarrel. For the derivation see the next word.

A *Squarer*, ii. 3. a swaggering blade. This word is taken from the French phrase, *Se quarrier*, which signifies to strut with arms
a-kembo,

- a-kembo, (*ansatus incedere*), an action which denotes a character of an heftoring bragadocio. The French say, *Les jeuns fanfarons se quarrent en marchant*.
- A *Squier*, ii. 204. the same as a square.
- A *Stanyel*, iii. 114. otherwise called a *Ring-tail*, a kind of buzzard, or kite.
- Starkly*, i. 306. stiffly, wearily, soundly.
- Station*, viii. 149. attitude, presence, person.
- A *Statist*, viii. 181. a statesman. Ital. *Statista*.
- A *Stay*, iii. 313. a let, a stop, an impediment.
- To *Slead* or *Sted*, to serve, to help.
- Steads*, stocks, stools, from whence young slips or suckers are propagated.
- Stickler-like*, vii. 355. sticklers were seconds appointed in a duel to see fair play, who parted the combatants when they thought fit: and this being done by interposing with a stick, from thence came the name.
- Stigmatical*, iii. 181. branded with marks of disgrace. Lat. *Stigmaticus*.
- Stint*, i. 18. proportion, allotment.
- A *Stithy*, an anvil. To *Stithy* to beat upon an anvil.
- Stoccata*, viii. 42. a thrust in fencing. An Italian word.
- A *Stole*, a robe, a long garment, a mantle, a woman's gown: used also by Spencer. Lat. *Stola*.
- To *Suggest*, iv. 6. & 52. to prompt or egg on.
- Sumpter*, vi. 44. a beast which carries necessaries on a journey.
- Surcease*, vi. 245. this generally signifies the suspension of any act; but in this passage it stands for the total ceasing after the final execution of it. Fr. *Surseoir*.
- A *Swabber*, iii. 97. an inferior officer in a ship, whose business it is to keep the ship clean.

T

- A *Tabourine*, vii. 143. a drum. Fr. *Tabourin*.
- To *Take*, to blast, to strike with infection. Fr. *Attaquer*.
- Tall* is very frequently used for eminent, notable, considerable.
- Taniere*, a hut or cave. A French word.
- To *Tarre on*, to provoke, to urge on, as they set on dogs to fight.
- A *Tassel-gentle*, viii. 28. a particular kind of hawk, the male of the falcon. In strictness it should be spelt *Tiercel-gentle*. Fr. *Tiercelet*.
- Tear-cap*, a ranting bully.
- Tear-sheet*, a ranting whore.
- Teen*, trouble, grief.
- Tested*, i. 280. tried, put to the test.
- A *Teiber*, a long rope with which horses are tied to confine their feeding to a certain compass, and prevent their trespassing farther.
- Thewes*, sinews, muscles, bodily strength.
- Thill-horse*, ii. 89. the horse which draws in the shafts or thill of the carriage.

Thirdborough, the same as headborough or constable.

Thrift, thrift, thriving, success.

Tillb, i. 304. tillage.

Tiny, small, slender. Lat. *Tennis*.

Tort, vii. 196. in the wrong. An old French word.

To *Toze*, iii. 272. to break in pieces, to draw out, or pull asunder, as they do wool, by carding it to make it soft; Ital. *Tozzare*; thence figuratively, by artful insinuations to draw out the secrets of a man's thoughts.

To *Tramell up*, vi. 245. to stop: a metaphor taken from a tramel-net which is used to be put cross a river from bank to bank, and catches all the fish that come, suffering none to pass. Fr. *Tramail*.

Trick is a word frequently used for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.

Tricksey, dainty, curious, sleight.

Trigon, iv. 194. a term in astrology, when three signs of the same nature and quality meet in a trine aspect.

Trott-madam, iii. 250. a game commonly called *pigeon-holes*.

Troussers, iv. 291. a kind of breeches wide and tucked up high, such as are still worn in the robes of the order of the Garter. Fr. *Trousse*. But *strait troussers* in this passage has a jesting sense, and means the natural skin without any breeches.

To *Trow*, to believe. An old word.

To *Trufs*, is a term in falconry, when a hawk near the ground raiseth a fowl, and, soaring upwards with it, seizeth it in the air.

To *Try*, i. 2. a term in sailing. A ship is said to try when she hath no more sails abroad but her main-sail, when her tacks are close aboard, the bowlings set up, and the sheets haled close aft, when also the helm is tied close down to the board, and so she is let lie in the sea.

Tub-fast, vi. 141. The author in the place referred to, is alluding to the *lues venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by *guaiacum*, or *mercurial* unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the course of *guaiacum* (says Dr. Freind in his *history of physic*, vol. ii. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon, in order to make him sweat; and in that manner (as *Fallopian* expresses it) the bones, and the very man himself, was macerated." *Wise-man* says, in England they used a *Tub* for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the *unction*, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days, (as he observes, p. 375.); and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *Tub-fast*.

Tucket, a prelude or voluntary in music, a flourish of instruments. Ital. *Toccata*.

Turlupins, vi. 38. a new species of gypsies, a fraternity of naked beggars,

beggars, that sprang up in the fourteenth century, and ran up and down Europe.

U

Umber, a colour used by painters, a dark yellow.

Unaneal'd, viii. 106. unprepared. To *Aneal* or *Neal*, in its primary and proper sense, is to prepare metals or glass by the force of fire for the different uses of the manufacturers in them: and this is here applied by the author in a figurative sense to a dying person; who, when prepared by impressions of piety, by repentance, confession, absolution, and other acts of religion, may be said to be *aneal'd* for death.—Mr. Pope explains this word by, *no knell rung*; i. e. without enjoying the benefits of the *passing* bell; which used to toll while the person lay expiring, and thence was so called. This shocking custom still prevails in some parts of England.

Unanointed, viii. 106. not having received extreme unction.

Unbarbed, vi. 356. bare, uncovered. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *Barbe*, which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering.

Unbated, viii. 170. unabated, unblunted.

Unbolted, vi. 34. unstifted.

Unbraided, iii. 257. unfaded, fresh.

Unbreech'd, iii. 211. not yet in breeches, a boy in coats.

Uncape, i. 221. a term in fox-hunting, signifying to dig out the fox when earth'd.

Unchary, iii. 129. careless.

Unhoufel'd, viii. 106. without having received the sacrament. *Houfel* is a Saxon word for the eucharist, which seems derived from the Latin *Hostiola*.

Unneath, hardly, scarcely.

An *Urchin*, an hedge-hog, which was reckoned among the animals used by witches as their familiars: hence, figuratively, a little unlucky mischievous boy or girl.

Ure, i. 264. use, practice.

Utas or *Utis*, iv. 188. the eighth and last day of a festival, for so long the great festivals were accounted to last, the conclusion being kept with more than ordinary merriment: from the French *Huit*.

To th' *Utterance*, vi. 260. to the utmost, to all extremity. Fr. *Outrance*. At *Utterance*, vii. 205. at all extremity.

V

To *Vail*, to let down, to drop, to stoop.

To *Van*, to winnow, to purge; from the French *Vanner*; which is derived from the Latin *Vannus*, *Ventilabrum*, the fan used for winnowing the chaff from the corn.

Vantbrace, vii. 284. defensive armour for the arm. Fr. *Avant-bras*.

Vary, vi. 34. variation, change.

Vaunt—

Vaunt-couriers, vi. 48. forerunners. Fr. *Avant-coureurs*.

Varward, the same as van-guard, the first line of an army: and from thence the forward or leading part of any thing.

Velure, ii. 327. velvet. Fr. *Velours*.

Venew, ii. 188. a rest or bout in fencing.

A Ventige, viii. 144. a vent or passage for air. Fr. *Ventouse*.

Via! i. 205. away! An Italian word.

Vice, "Vice's dagger," iv. 208. and "Like the old Vice," iii. 140.

This was the name given to a droll figure heretofore much shown upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool, and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap, with asses ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouche. In moral representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, but the *Vice* did not assume the personages of these sins: for the *Vice* was always a fool or jester, and (as Shakespear calls him in the *Merchant of Venice*) a merry devil. The name *Iniquity* was likewise given to this *Vice*, on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. Minshew, and others of our more modern critics, strain hard to find out the etymology of this word, and fetch it from the Greek. Probably we need look no farther for it than the old French word *Vis*, which signified the same as *Visage* does now: from this in part came *Visdase*, a word common among them for a fool; which Menage says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne*, the face or head of an ass. It may be imagined therefore, that *Visdase* or *Vis d'asne*, was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure; and that by vulgar use it was shortened down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*.

To Vice, iii. 218. to hold fast as with an instrument called a *vice*.

Vouch, i. 286. the testimony one man bears for another.

W

To Wage, to combat with, to enter into conflict with, to encounter.

Waped or *Wapid*, vi. 140. mournful, sorrowful. Chaucer:

To Warp, to contract, to shrink.

Wassel or *Wassale*, the merriment of twelfth night, with a great bowl carried about from house to house. The word is compounded of two Saxon words, signifying, *Health be to you!* A *Wassel-candle*, iv. 171. is a candle larger than ordinary used at that ceremony.

A Web, iv. 171. a spot in the eye injurious to the sight.

A Weed, i. 78. a garment.

To Ween, to think.

To Weet, to know.

Welkin, the firmament or sky.

Welking, iii. 210. languishing, faint.

To Well, to spring or bubble forth.

To Wend, to go.

Weyward sisters, vi. 236. This word *Weyward* had anciently the same sense as *Weird*, and was the very same differently spelt; having acquired its larger signification from the quality and temper

per of these imaginary witches. As to those *weyward sisters*, they were the fates of the northern nations; the three handmaids of *Odin*. *He nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. He viros morti destinant, et victoriam gubernant: Gunna, et Rota, & Parcarum minima Skullda. Per aëra et maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; et cades in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakespear makes them *three*, and calls them

Posters of the sea and land;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes with these northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their incantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience, (which was always his point), he adds for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country-superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his witch-scenes are like the charm they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing shocking in the natural world; as in the place referred to, from every thing absurd in the moral. But as extravagant as all this is, the *Tragedy of Macbeth*, where these witch-scenes occur, has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience from that time to this. Mr. Warburton.

Whelk'd, vi. 75. a whelk is such a rising tumour upon the skin, as the lash of a whip or switch leaves behind it.

Whiffer, iv. 321. an officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations upon occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in the city of London; and there is an officer so called, who walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *Huiffier*.

Whmid, crooked. Minshew, under the word *Whinnard*, takes notice of this old word to *Whinnie*, and interprets it (*incurvare*) to bend or make crooked.

A *Whittle*, a coarse blanket or mantle worn by the poorest sort.

To *Wis* or *Wist*, to know, to judge rightly of a thing.

A *Wittol*, a cuckold jealous and uneasy under his wife's transgressions, but not having spirit enough to restrain them.

Wee-bezone, overwhelmed with sorrow. *Spen*.

A *Wold*, a down, an open hilly country.

Wode or *Wode*, mad, frantic, wild, raving, crazy.

To *Wrack*, ii. 58. to destroy.

Wreak, revenge: *Wreakful*, revengeful.

Wrizled, iv. 357. wrinkled.

Y

Yare, ready, nimble, quick, dextrous.

Teleped, called, named.

Z

A *Zany*, a Merry Andrew, a Jack-pudding. Ital. *Zanf*.

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When different pages are referred to at any article, if the numbers are disjoined by a comma, the first figure or figures in the preceding number are supposed to be repeated in the subsequent.

When a character, description, &c. runs through a play, the volume and the play only are noted, but no page.

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A LIST of the VARIOUS READINGS in SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS; shewing what conjectures or alterations made by his editors are inserted in this edition.

The first word or reading is that preferred in this edition.

T. is put for Theobald, Thirl. for Thirlby, O. for Oxford editor, W. for Warburton, D. for Dodd, and V. for the common editions.

When a conjecture or alteration is adopted by several editors, all their names are mentioned.

The names of some persons are annexed to readings, who were not editors, but communicated their conjectures to the editors.

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8. 5. mock'd, W. deck'd, V. brack'd, O.
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26. 36. Moral, W. morsel, V.
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 64. 21. above, T. & W. below, V.
 67. 25. speed's, Thirl. T. & W. speeds, V.
 76. 36. some time, T. & W. sometimes, V.
 18. Witless, W. wilful, V.
 83. 13. outside's W. outside, V. & D.
 85. 6. fearless, W. fearful, V.
 86. 16. page, T. & W. rage, V.
 89. 2. thill-horse, T. & W. fill-horse, V.
 95. 12. widgeons, T. & W. pidgeons, V.
 101. 34. vanned, T. & W. varnished, V. & D.
 103. 34. thy, T. & W. my, V.
 104. 15. 16. bankrupt, for a prodigal, W. bankrupt, a prodigal, V.
 109. 15. plainness, T. & W. paleness, V.
 110. 29. some, W. fum, V.
 114. 11. condition'd : an, W. condition'd and, V.
 116. 32. hear, Thirl. T. & W. here, V.
 117. 20. Padua, T. & W. Mantua, V.
 121. 32. now, W. not, V.
 122. 39. formally, W. formerly, V.
 134. 35. patens, W. patterns, V. & D.
 39. sounds, T. & W. souls, V. & D.
 144. 14. feast, T. & W. fast, V.
 145. 3. feign, W. fame, V. & D.
 147. 35. having, T. & W. heaven, V.
 148. 3. in, W. with, V.
 25. but so, so, O. & W. but so, V.

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153. 18. master deserves, O. & W. master, V.
 158. 38. on, T. & W. one, V.
 162. 25. 26. 'complishments, W. complements, V.
 165. 8. jewel, W. Jew, V.
 11. 12. 13. *stood formerly thus*, No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? it carries its remuneration. Why? it is a fairer name than a French crown. *Reformed by T. approved by W.*
 166. 21. Signior Junio, T. & W. senior-junior, O. & W. Signior Julio, D.
 28. file, T. W. & D. field, V.
 29. tumbler, stoop, T. W. & D. tumbler's hoop, V.
 168. 38. my waste, W. your waste, V.
ib. your wit, W. my wit, V.
 39. my waste, W. your waste, V.
 172. 1. 2. for those parts (which we taste and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify, &c. W. & T. which we taste, and feeling are for those parts. &c. V.
 173. 4. of sorel, W. O sorel, V.
 30. *Hol.* Thirl, T. & W. *Sir Nath.* V.
 174. 38. canzonet, T. & W. cangenet, V.
 175. 4. imitari, T. & W. imitary, V.
 5. try'd, W. & T. tired, V.
 177. 34. sloop, W. & T. shop, V.
 178. 27. but corporal, T. & W. not corporal, V.
 179. 34. fasting. W. fasting, V.
 180. 21. geap, W. leap, V.
 181. 2. cynic, W. critic, V.
 13. vane-like men, W. men like men, V.
 183. 13. wood, W. Thirl. & T. word, V.
 20. scowl, W. & T. school, V.
 21. crete. W. crest, V.
 184. 40. duty, W. beauty, V.
 185. 29. 30. *reformed by W. & T.*
 And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony. D.
 186. 1. all women love, W. that loves all men, V.
 26. cockle, W. & T. cockrel, V.
 187. 20. insanity, W. insanie, T. infamy, V.
 13. *reformed by T.* bome boon, for boon. Priscian, &c. V.
 188. 9. o, u, T. & W. out, V.
 19. *circum circa*, T. & W. *unum cita*, V.
 191. 15. past cure is still past care, Thirl. T. & W. past care is still past cure, V.
 192. 17. portent-like, W. pedant-like, T. pertaunt-like, V.
 199. 11. 12. *reformed by W.* Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet mixture shewn,
 Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown. V.
 211. 1. day of right, W. the day of wrong, V.

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211. 15. nimble, T. & W. humble, V.
 212. 19. this, (fave, W. these are, V.
 25. quote, W. coat, V.
 213. 12. fetter, W. flatter, V.
 215. 24. much-bedight, W. with delight, V. & D.
 217. 27. my father, W. fashion, V.
 33. stys, W. stays, V.
 218. 9. discountenance, W. countenance, V.
 219. 2. revenue, W. reverence, V.
 220. 21. new Dukes, W. Dukes, V.
 225. 16. fet, T. & W. fee, V.
 226. 12. our, W. your, V.
 13. our, W. your, V.
 231. 20. shine, W. seem, V.
 40. me, T. & W. thee, V.
 233. 10. but, T. W. & D. not, V.
 235. 35. bony, W. bonny, V.
 237. 29. weary, T. & W. merry, V.
 241. 28. *duc ad me*, O. & W. duckdame, V.
 243. 37. not to seem, T. W. & D. seem, V.
 247. 10. sheen, W. seen, V. & D.
 249. 11. gross, W. good, V.
 251. 22. forester, W. forest, V.
 252. 15. juniper, W. Jupiter, V.
 253. 17. off, T. & W. of, V.
 261. 27. heard, T. & W. bread, V.
 ult. deals, T. & W. dies, V.
 263. 32. rail, T. & W. all, V.
 33. have beauty, Anonymus, T. & W. have no beauty, V.
 264. 17. found to be, W. foul to be, V.
 35. deed shepherd, O. & W. dead shepherd, V.
 270. 6. weep, W. sleep, V.
 39. atheistical, W. pathological, V.
 282. 21. 22. untuneable, T. & W. untuneable, V.
 ult. their hap, W. they hope, V.
 ib. their fear, W. they fear, V.
 284. 1. unclean, W. very strange, V.
 19. of you the like, W. you of the like, V.
 288. 30. them, W. you, V.
 32. to like as much as pleases them, *added by* W.
 290. 4. 5. third borough, T. & W. head-borough, V.
 13. leech Merriman, O. & W. brach Merriman, V.
 293. 16. twice, T. & W. these, V.
 298. 22. to virtue, O. & W. virtue, V.
 302. 28. toil'd, W. touch'd, V.
 306. 6. mew, W. few, V.
 27. sieg'd in coin, W. edge in me, V.
 310. 3. th' ear, W. hear, V.
 312. 16. gawds, T. & W. goods, V.

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314. 15. baccalare, T. & W. baccare, V.
 322. 7. but, T. & W. not, V.
 333. 16. thyself, W. myself, V.
 339. ult. engle, T. & W. angel, V.

V O L U M E III.

3. 20. dissevering, W. delivering, V.
 30. slack, T. & W. lack, V.
 4. 6. preface, W. passage, V.
 32. her simpleness, W. their simpleness, V.
 5. 7. not enemy, T. & W. enemy, V.
 7. 18. As he that hangs himself, so is a virgin, W. He that
 hangs himself, is a virgin, V.
 9. 4. ming, W. wing, V.
 10. 40. Were in him; pride or sharpness, if there were, T. & W.
 Were in his pride and sharpness, if they were, V.
 11. 6. proud; and, W. proud of, V.
 30. labourer, W. labourers, V.
 12. 14. y'are, W. your's, V.
 13. 35. for Paris, he, *added by W. approved by T.*
 14. 32. Diana, *added by T. approved by W.*
 15. 12. O! then, W. or then, V.
 16. 4. I can no more fear than I do fear heav'n, W. I care no
 more for, than I do for heav'n, V.
 12. loneliness, T. & W. loveliness, V.
 18. 7. hints, W. in't, V.
 20. 24. to muster, W. do muster, V.
 14. Spurio with his cicatrice, an emblem, T. & W. Spurio,
 his cicatrice, with an emblem, V.
 24. 2. power full sounds, W. powerful sounds, T.
 7. virtue *added by T. & W.*
 19. heaven, Thirl. T. & W. help, V.
 25. impage, W. image, V.
 28. 34. death, V. dearth, W.
 30. 16. when, Thirl. T. & W. whence, V.
 20. Is good; and, with a name, vileness is so, W. Is good
 without a name, vileness is so, V. & D.
 22. good, W. young, V. & D.
 41. defend, T. & W. defeat, V.
 31. 22. prized, W. praised, V.
 35. 28. speaks out, W. shakes out, V.
 39. 23. notion, W. motion, V.
 43. 8. pierce the still-moving air, W. & D. move the still-pierc-
 ing air, V.
 46. 2. are the things, W. are not the things, V. & D.
 9. found, W. known, V. & D.
 ult. merely, W. mere the, V.
 49. 23. oar, T. & W. ours V.

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50. 36. soldiership, W. thy soldiership, V.
 53. 6. wicked act, W. lawful act, V.
 54. 18. mute, W. mule, V.
 56. 28. swear, not 'bides, W. swear not by, V.
 57. *ult.* Mary 'em that will, I'd live, T. & W. Marry that will,
 I'll live, V.
 60. 23. medal, W. module, V.
 67. 7. fancy, W. sawcy, V.
 20. revyes, T. & W. revives, V.
 29. advantaged, W. advanced, V.
 68. 27. honour'd, W. hotter, V.
 69. 31. that hope, that I shall, W. that I hope I shall, V.
 71. 35. moat, T. & W. mood, V.
 72. 16. similies, T. & W. smiles, V.
 73. 16. blaze, W. blade, V.
 74. 33. scorch'd, W. scorn'd, V.
 77. 33. some, W. for, V.
 84. 21. love *added by* W.
 32. in fancy, T. & W. is, V.
 33. hight, W. high, V.
 85. 25. three, W. these, V. & D.
 26. O sweet perfection! W. her sweet perfections, V. & D.
 89. 41. 42. curl by nature, T. & W. cool my nature, V.
 94. 28. pleasing, W. leafing, V.
 95. 12. gentleman-heir, W. gentleman. Here, V.
 98. 13. wear, T. & W. was, V.
 102. 9. cross'd, W. lost, V.
 103. 18. lemon, V. leman, T.
 104. 6. decay, W. delay, V.
 108. 12. notions, W. motions, V. & D.
 15. from, W. to, V.
 109. 5. tallies, W. dallies, V.
 36. no where, W. every where, V.
 110. 10. pranks, her mind, W. pranks her in, V.
 112. 14. Trachy, W. Strachy, V.
 119. 20. here, W. hear, V.
 123. 26. ever thanks, T. & W. ever-oft, V.
 137. 16. graceful, W. careful, V.
 142. 15. asked, T. & W. as kisses, V.
 144. 28. flat, W. fat, V.
 148. 29. preserv'd, V. preferr'd, T.
 160. 15. drug-working, T. dark-working, V.
 161. 7. men, O. & D. Man, V.
 163. 21. and, T. W. & D. yet, V.
 22. yet, T. W. & D. and, V.
 23. wear, T. W. & D. where, V.
 24. but, T. W. & D. by, V.
 165. 40. them, V. men, T. & W.
 166. 25. grime, W. crime, V.

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171. 26. have part, W. part V.
 172. 36. building, T. & W. buildings, V.
 173. 15. but, T. & W. not, V.
 175. 28. her name and, Thirl. T. & W. her name is, V.
 182. 5. fury, T. & W. fairy, V.
 183. 21. got rid, T. & W. got, V.
 195. 20. mad himself, W. and himself, V.
 196. 13. scotch, W. scorch V.
 199. 40. hold, W. old, V.
 202. 10. twenty-five, T. and W. thirty-three, V.
 15. gaude, W. go, V.
 206. 24. may there blow, W. that may blow, V.
 207. 19. you, W. him, V.
 218. 36. this though, T. and W. this thought, V.
 219. 33. Queen's, W. Queen, V.
 230. 7. on th'worst, W. the worst, V.
 234. 23. ille, W. soil, V.
 25. it thames, W. I shall, V.
 26. foremost, W. for most, V.
 235. 7. The use is worth the time on't, W. The time is worth the use on't, V.
 240. 23. off, a fool, W. of a fool, V. of a soul, T.
 243. 11. sooth, W. so, V. & D.
 245. 39. gulf, W. growth, V.
 247. 9. reaping, W. heaping, V.
 21. missing him, W. missingly, V.
 248. 8. come, W. comes, V.
 9. fore, W. for, V.
 ib. reins in, W. reigns in, V.
 12. proggings, O. & W. pugging, V.
 255. 22. gold, O. W. & D. bold, V.
 256. 21. out, T. & W. on't, V.
 33. breeding, W. feeding, V.
 257. 35. sleeve-band, O. & W. sleeve-hand, V.
 260. 37. carters, V. goat-herds, T.
 271. 21. not a piece, O. & W. a piece, V.
 22. would do't, O. & W. would not do't, V.
 272. 27. do give, W. do not give, V.
 275. 34. out of, T. & W. out of, true, V.
 35. true, too true, T. & W. too true, V.
 276. 18. Queen? This will, W. Queen is well, V.
 277. 10. offend her, T. & W. offenders, V.
 281. 39. birth, W. worth, V.
 289. 3. fissure, W. fixure, V. & D.
 295. 18. that half-face, T. & W. half that face, V.
 296. 20. the presence, W. thy presence, V.
 298. 21. serving, W. saving, V.
 299. 15. spare me, T. & W. sparrow, V.
 304. 36. shews, T. & W. shoes V.

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310. 32. ye, T. & W. we, V.
 40. kings are our fears, W. kings of our fears, V.
 312. 21. compleat, oh, O. & W. compleat of — V.
 25. a she, Thirl. T. & W. as she, V.
 313. 37. Anjou, T. & W. Angiers, V.
 318. 31. stout, O. & W. stoop, V.
 324. 32. yet, W. not, V.
 326. 39. fiery, T. & W. airy, V.
 327. 27. war, T. & W. now, V.
 328. 20. one, T. W. & D. on, V.
 329. 34. course, W. cause, V.
 335. 20. nature, O. & W. torture, V.
 336. 9. 'bate Hubert, W. but Hubert's, V.
 339. 6. 7. flaw, W. fault, V.
 340. 14. sent. T. W. & D. sat. V.
 345. 3. murderer's thought, W. murd'rous thought, V.
 353. 36. speeds, O. & W. spake! V.
 355. 25. unhaird, T. & O. unheard, V. & W.
 357. 33. unthread the rude eye, V. untread the rude way, T.
 359. 2. pight, O. & W. right, V.
 360. 15. eyeless, T. & W. endless, V.
 361. 28. insensible, O. & W. invisible, V.
 364. 12. thus, O. & W. this, V.

V O L U M E IV.

6. 2. inhabit, W. inherit, V.
 13. 28. just, W. jest, V.
 29. 14. something trembles, W. nothing trembles, V.
 ib. nothing grieves, W. something grieves, V.
 35. 26. disposed, W. despised, V.
 40. 20. and, O. W. & D. that, V.
 42. 27. is he got, T. & W. Bagot, V.
 43. 6. hallow'd, W. hollow, V.
 47. 38. light, T. & W. live, V.
 48. 12. the warlike hand of bury'd Gaunt, W. the bury'd hand of
 warlike Gaunt, V.
 49. 17. tread, Bishop, T. & W. trade, V.
 51. 30. mocks, W. woe, V.
 52. 4. a firm state, W. our firm state, V.
 54. 27. stem, W. stars, V.
 70. 26. the bad, T. & W. to bad, V.
 75. 2. fall-hating, W. all hating, V.
 7. drudge, T. & W. dog, V.
 79. 30. trempe, W. damp, V.
 80. 1. files, W. eyes, V.
 82. 6. plume, W. prune, V.
 83. 4. booty, T. & W. beauty, V.
 84. 24. incomparative, O. & W. comparative, V.

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84. 33. attraction, O. & W. iteration, V.
 86. 23. Bardolph, Peto, T. & W. Harvey, Rossil, V.
 87. 29. fears, W. hopes, V.
 88. 17. frontlet, W. frontier, V.
 89. 9. gal'd, W. cold, V. & D.
 27. his, W. this, V.
 36. fee, he unfays, W. so he unfay, V.
 90. 15. 'bides, W. by, V.
 97. 31. moneyers, N. Hardinge, Esq; T. & W. one-eyers, V.
 33. than think, W. than drink, V.
 id. and think, W. and drink, V.
 102. 32. fortins, O. W. & D. frontiers, V.
 107. 13. ribi, O. & W. rivo, V.
 110. 30. eel-skin, O. & W. elf-skin, V.
 115. 14. 15. the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the
 fruit, O. & W. the tree may be known by the fruit, as
 the fruit by the tree, V.
 121. 7. portion, O. & W. moiety, V.
 124. 24. though th' musicians, W. those musicians, V.
 126. 4. attaints, W. attempts, V.
 127. 12. 'scarded, W. & D. carded, V.
 16. with, O. W. & D. at, V.
 129. 4. favour, W. favours, V.
 138. 12. up, W. & D. on, V.
 139. 31. deer, O. & W. fowl, V.
 140. 1. old feast, T. & W. old face'd, V.
 147. 37. valued, O. & W. valiant, V.
 149. 31. ta'en, V. taint, W.
 153. 27. he'll pierce, W. I'll pierce, V.
 156. 13. growth, W. youth, V.
 32. favour, W. favours, V.
 161. 30. hold, T. & W. hole, V.
 164. 22. other's eyes, W. other eyes, V.
 165. 12. rebated, W. abated, V.
 166. 4. ruggedst, T. & W. raggedst, V.
 167. 15. enlard, W. enlarge, V.
 177. 21. long loan, T. & W. long one, V.
 180. 19. dead-hangings, W. bed-hangings, V.
 184. 19. borrower's, T. & W. borrow'd, V.
 38. plenty, W. twenty, V.
 186. 18. long, V. look, T.
 192. 15. 16. tormenta, il sperare me contenta, O. & W. tormento
 sperato me contente, V.
 194. 8. indiscreet, W. discreet, V.
 24. clasping too, W. lisping to, V.
 196. 13. foul, O. & W. souls, V.
 198. 26. well, T. & W. all, V.
 33. slight, W. yet, V.
 199. 1. school'd, W. cool'd, V.

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209. 31. way on, W. fway on, V.
 210. 6. heady, W. bloody, V.
 22. glaves, W. graves, V.
 211. 2. sphere, W. there, V.
 212. 29. indeed, Thirl. I. & W. and did, V.
 213. 23. properties, W. purposes, V.
 24. lawful, W. awful, V.
 28. and, Thirl. T. & W. at, V.
 215. 37. fence, W. fense, V.
 225. 23. Dolcing, W. dull and, V.
 230. 26. their bold feats, W. these bold fears, V.
 32. For, W. So, V.
 231. 2. our, W. out, V.
ib. many, V. meiny, W.
 235. 15. rated, W. ragged, V.
 243. 14. 15. 'Tis all in all, and all in every part, W. 'Tis all in every part, V.
 245. 7. *tormenta, il sperare me contenta*, O. & W. *tormento spera me contento*, V.
 248. 19. perilous, the narrow, W. the perilous narrow, V.
 250. 7. act, T. & W. art, V.
 253. *ult.* imbare, T. & W. imbrace, V.
 254. 31. race had, W. Grace hath, V.
 255. 13. Ne'er went with his full forces—W. Never went with his forces—V.
 22. best, W. but, V.
 29. prize, W. praise, V.
 38. taint, T. & W. tear, V.
ult. 'scus'd, T. & W. curs'd, V.
 256. 14. ruling, W. & D. rule in, V.
 18. merchant-venturers, trade, W. merchants venture trade, V. & D.
 25. heading, W. kne ding, V. & D.
 37. 't once, W. once, V.
 260. 3. dame, O. & W. name, V.
 16. drawn, T. & W. hewn, V.
 263. 24. farce, W. force, V.
 264. 16. in aid, W. in head, V.
 266. 21. black from white, W. black and white, V.
 267. 13. ear, but with the eye, T. & W. eye without the ear, V. & D.
 17. mark, T. W. & D. make, V.
 270. 30. carelessly, W. carefully, V.
 272. 10. hunted, W. haunted, V.
 15. mounting, T. & W. mountain, V.
 274. 10. chide, Pope & W. hide, V.
ult. Hampton, T. & W. Dover, V.
 285. 33. painted with a muffler, W. painted plind with a muffler, V.
 286. 4. pax, V. pix, T.

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290. 20. beasts you may call jades, W. jades you may call beasts, V.
 291. 9. troussers, T. & W. stroffers, V.
 294. 17. Invest in, W. Investing, V. & D.
 18. Preienteth, O. & D. Presented, V. & W.
 36. Fear. Then, mean and gentle, all, T. & W. Fear, that
 mean and gentle all, V.
 301. 19. toll, O Adoration, T. & W. soul of Adoration, V. & D.
 302. 33. leif, T. & W. of, V.
 303. 5. call, T. & W. all, V.
 22. curtle-ax, V. coutclas, W.
 307. *ult.* a bounding, T. & W. abounding, V.
 309. 1. cality, consture, W. calmy, culture, V.
 11. or I will fetch thy ranfom out—W. for I will fetch thy
 rym out at—V.
 311. 4. instant, T. & W. in, V.
 312. 16. mistful, T. & W. mixtful, V.
 325. 15. lies, W. T. & D. dies, V.
 28. nurtures, W. & T. natures, V. & D.
 329. 33. unttempting, W. unttempering, V.
 331. 15. flattery, W. hatred, V.
 332. 24. *præcarissimus*, W. *præclarissimus*, V.
 333. 8. paction, T. & W. passion, V.
 21. blending, W. bending, V.
 335. 12. crested, W. crystal, V.
 336. 21. marish, Pope & W. nourish, V. & T.
 345. 3. umpire, V. Humphry, T.
 360. 17. fashion, V. faction, T.
 363. 27. loos'd, W. us'd, V.
 365. 10. befal, T. & W. be all, V.
 19. lies, W. dies, V.
 26. ill, T. & W. will, V.
 376. 26. lovely, W. lowly, V.
 378. 38. sword i' th' preffence, 't's death, W. sword, 'tis present
 death, V.
 383. 34. wis, T. & W. wish, V.
 391. 1. out on that vantage, T. & W. on that advantage, V.
 396. 29. legions, W. regions, V.
 404. 14. respiring, W. aspiring, V.

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8. 2. east, W. west, V.
 21. 34. hardily, T. & W. hardly, V.
 22. 30. not do, W. do, V.
 24. 29. Simpcox, T. & W. Simon, V.
 33. 23. abound, V. go round, W.
 42. 2. strives, Thirl. T. & W. strays, V.
 47. 8. Well, T. & W. Nell, V.
 49. 21. witch, T. & W. watch, V.

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61. 13. *Pæna*, T. & W. *Pine*, V.
 29. *Suf.* O. & W. *Capt.* V.
 75. 17. *mercy*, W. *money*, V.
 76. 36. *claim'd*, V. *calm'd*, T.
 78. 31. 32. As for more words, let this my sword report
 (Whose greatness answers words) what speech for-
 bears. O. & W.
 As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears. V.
 88. 26. *party*, W. *parts*, V.
 34. *bruise*, W. *bruish*, V.
 99. 28. *wealthy*. P. & W. *witty*, V.
 103. 32. *praise*, W. *prize*, V.
 106. 4. *stain'd* with blood, W. & D. *stain'd* the roses just with
 blood, V. *stain'd* the roses juice'd with blood, T. *stain'd*
 the roses just in bud, W.
 123. 37. *life* in death, O. & W. *life* and death, V.
 133. 23. *th'aspiring Catiline*, W. & D. *the murth'rous Machiavel*, V.
 134. 35. *waiting*, *ruet* to-morrow, W. *waiteth* on true sorrow, V.
 137. 1. *eternal*, W. *external*, V.
 140. 5. *younger*, T. & W. *eldest*, V.
 143. 37. *younger—elder*, T. & W. *elder—younger*, V.
 145. 7. *towns*, Thirl. T. & W, *town*, V.
 155. 38. *deed*, W. *meed*, V.
 166. 31. *devil-butcher*, T. & W. *devil's butcher*, V.
 167. 18. *Richard*, W. *Roscius*, V.
 168. 16. *croak'd hoarse*, W. & D. *rook'd her*, V.
 25. *into the world* with thy legs forward, *added*, T. & W.
 172. 14. *fouls*, V. *foule*, W.
 177. 35. *where* no blood dwells, V. *whence* no blood wells, W.
 182. 38. *denier*, V. & D. *taniere*, W.
 183. 28. *Stanley*, T. & W. *Derby*, V.
 186. 15. *No*, W. *Out*, V.
 187. 20. *Ungentle*, W. *Ah*, gentle, V.
 189. 6. *wrack*, W. *rag*, V. & D.
 195. 40. *it*, W. *him*, V.
 41. *it*, W. *he*, V.
 212. 21. *greenness* of his age, W. *grossness* of this age, V.
 213. 13. *intail'd*, W. *retail'd*, V.
 18. *formal-wise antiquity*, W. *formal vice*, *iniquity*, V.
 223. 2. *Catesby*, T. & W. *Ratcliff*, V.
 236. 28. *ply*, T. & W. *play*, V.
 37. *wrong* for *wrong*, W. *right* for *right*, V.
 243. 12. *adulterer*, W. *adulterate*, V.
 28. *page*, W. *pageant*, V.
 244. 30. *their client-woes*, O. & W. *your client's woes*, V.
 249. 35. *loan*, T. & W. *love*, V.
 36. *Of ten times*, T. & W. *Oftentimes*, V.
 257. 10. *respect*, W. *respite*, V.

- Page. line.*
267. 38. distrust, W. restrain, V.
 40. his, T. & W. our, V.
268. 33. A daring, W. Daring, V.
274. 31. which buys for him, W. for him, which buys, V.
279. 31. chancellor, T. & W. counsellor, V.
 35. Nicholas, T. & W. Michael, V.
282. 4. business, W. baseness, V.
284. 16. Hopkins, T. & W. Henton, V.
 35. confession, T. & W. commission, V.
286. 16. mockeries, W. mysteries, V.
288. 30. first, good, V. first-good, T. & W.
295. 3. mark, W. make, V.
298. 30. pinch, W. pitch, V.
303. 30. all, which is, W. all, is, V.
309. 18. Aton'd, W. at once, V.
 37. speak my—Cardinal to, T. & W. speak, my—Cardinal, to, V.
310. 12. bosom, V. bottom, T.
314. 15. They, W. Nay, V.
316. 21. cure, V. ear, T.
317. 23. Stood not, W. Strangely, V.
 25. of't, W. of, V.
318. 20. edges, W. hedges, V.
327. 32. shoot, W. root, V. & D.
 16. chattles, T. & W. castles, V.
329. 41. waves, W. ways, V. & D.
330. 7. wait, W. hate, V. & D.
341. 13. tread, W. trade, V.
356. 18. your's, Thirl. T. & W. you, V.

V O L U M E VI.

5. 39. their, W. my, V.
7. 19. execution of th' heft, W. execution, or execution of the rest, V.
11. 21. vaunted, W. wanted, V.
12. 17. plague, W. plague, V. & D.
 18. courtesy, T. W. & D. curiosity, V.
15. 31. change, W. charge, V.
17. 26. folks, W. fools, V.
 27. not flatt'ries, when they're seen abus'd, W. like flatt'ers when they're seen to abuse us, T.
18. 16. to say, W. and says, V.
22. 11. sooth, W. so, V.
23. 7. Thou art, W. That's, V.
24. 2. sovereignty of knowledge, W. sovereignty, of knowledge, V. & D.
 17. Of fifty, Pope, T. & W. A little, V.
25. 21. candent, W. & T. cadent, V.

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25. *ult.* fence, W. *sense*, V.
 30. 29. found, dispatch'd, W. found dispatch, V.
 30. arch and, V. and arch, T.
 31. 2. when, W. what, V.
 32. 13. in this instance, W. doth this instant, V.
 22. poise. W. prize, V.
 35. good downing, W. good dawning, *or* good evening, V.
 34. 32. intricate, Pope, T. & W. intrince, V. & D.
 35. 22. silky, W. silly, V.
 36. 8. foil, W. fool, V.
 38. 10. reer, W. their, V. & D.
 ib. Turlupin, W. Turlygood, V.
 43. 30. hallow, W. & T. allow, V.
 35. fines, W. finds, V. & D.
 44. 4. deem't, W. seem, V.
 45. 22. 24. wrinkled, W. wicked, V.
 48. 2. scathed, W. scatter'd, V.
 3. seize. W. sea, V.
 36. germins, T. W. & D. germains, V.
 49. 11. brave, W. slave, V. & D.
 50. 8. covert of convivial, W. covert and convenient, V. & D.
 50. 26. string, O. & W. thing, V.
 35. or two ere, W. or ere, V.
 55. 5. wold, Bishop, T. & W. old V.
 6. name told, W. nine-fold, V.
 8. aroynt thee right, W. aroynt thee, V.
 24. geer, O. & W. deer, V.
 58. 13. heels, W. heath, V.
 62. 10. favour, W. favours, V.
 14. simple-answer'd, O. & W. simple answerer, V.
 35. boil'd, W. buoy'd, V.
 36. stelled, T. & W. steeled, V.
 64. 34. hate, V. wait, T.
 65. 32. Ang'shing, O. & W. Ang'ring, V.
 66. 24. braves, W. slaves, V. & D.
 68. 1. material, V. maternal, T.
 70. 12. wetter May, W. & T. better day, V. & D.
 18. quest, W. question, V.
 25. clamour-montion'd, W. & T. clamour-moisten'd, V.
 71. 7. said, W. so, V.
 18. fumiterr, *or* fumitory, T & W. fenitar, V.
 74. 11. outright, W. upright, V.
 75. 1. attach'd, Pope & W. at each, V. & T.
 35. sober, W. safer, V.
 76. 7. barb, W. & T. bird, V.
 35. stalled, W. soyled, V.
 81. 23. laid, W. made, V.
 82. 13. Perdu, W. Perdue, V.
 20. concluded. Ah! W. concluded all, V. & D.

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87. 22. goujeres, O. & W. good jers, V.
 92. 35. 36. 37. W.
 This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow : but another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top-extremity ! V. & D.
 99. 3. man, T. & W. men, V.
 10. leaven'd, W. levell'd, V.
 17. natures, O. & W. creatures, V.
 100. 1. to th' scope, T. & W. to scope, V.
 102. 17. own'd, W. ow'd, V.
 104. 33. so hungry a wit, W. & T. no angry wit, V.
 105. 15. do part, T. & W. depart, V.
 107. 13. 14. 'fore I should e'er, W. for I should ne'er, V.
 18. to't, W. too, V.
 108. 39. made a joy, O. & W. made away, V.
 109. 1. but to make them drink thee, O. & W. to make them
 drink, V.
 24. Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise,
 These—W. & T.
 There taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise,
 They—V.
 111. 14. Me near, O. & W. near, V.
 112. 24. My thanks, O. & W. Methinks, V.
 40. ferring, W. serving, V.
 113. 9. 10. proper, W. & T. paper, V.
 32. Ten, T. & W. An, V.
 114. 21. in compt, T. & W. in. Come, V.
 119. 4. Hold good, W. How goes, V.
 123. 10. nurture, O. & W. nature, V.
 34. 35. mislook'd, W. mistook, V.
 124. 13. fifty times five hundred, O. & W. fifty-five hundred, V.
 22. dirt, T. part, V.
 125. 1. spirit, T. & W. sport, V.
 22. attorn'd to him, O. & W. return'd to him, V.
 130. 35. this, W. his, V.
 131. 14. His outside wear ; hang like his raiment, carelessly. W.
 His outides ; wear them like his raiment, carelessly. V. & D.
 37. made just W. most just, V.
 132. 13. sworn rioter, W. sworn rioter, V.
 133. 12. now to swell your spirit, W. not to swell our spirit, V.
 26. most hands, W. most lands, V.
 135. 29. foes, W. fees, V.
 40. with your, W. you with, V.
 138. 10. from, O. W. & D. to, V.
 16. blessing-breeding, W. blessed, breeding, V.
 24. denude, W. & T. deny't, V.
 27. wedder's, W. & T. beggar's, V.
 141. 33. tub-fast, W. T. & O. sub-fast, V.

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142. 26. window-lawn, T. W. & O. window, barn, V.
 29. extort, O. W. & D. exhaust, V.
 143. 4. whole, W. & T. whore, V.
 30. forefend, W. foresee, V. & D.
 144. 20. cript, W. crisp, V. & D.
 25. to ingrateful, W. ungrateful, V. & D.
 30. harrow'd, W. & T. marrows, V. & D.
 145. 9. weeds, W. T. & D. woods, V.
 24. mofs'd, O. W. & D. moist, V.
 146. 4. What a knave thou, O. & W. What? a knave too, V.
 150. 39. meet, T. & W. meat, V.
 151. 15. takes wealth and life together, O. W. & D. take wealth
 and life together, V.
 22. mounds, W. T. & D. moon, V.
 152. 8. humour, W. honour, V.
 12. will'd, W. wiff'd, V.
 13. too, W. woo, V.
 153. 3. mild, W. wild, V.
 155. 13. black cornette, W. black-corner'd, V.
 158. 33. Hallow'd, W. Allow'd, V.
 161. 34. rear'd, W. & T. read, V.
 162. 5. 'mends, T. & W. means, V.
 31. brine's flow, O. & W. brain's flow, V.
 166. 34. my, W. & T. thy, V.
 168. 23. her, T. & W. his, V.
 169. 18. In, T. & W. And, V.
 178. 8. will, W. wit, V.
 185. 31. cope, W. hope, V.
 191. 7. have, T. & W. half, V.
 192. 25. ancient urns, O. & W. ancient ruins, V.
 194. 2. spight, T. & W. sight, V.
 197. 33. woe-extremes, W. two extremes, V. deep extremes, T.
 198. 38. thy, T. & W. my, V.
 201. 26. laments and dolings, O. lamenting doings, V. lamenting
 dolings, T.
 204. 32. or, V. ere, T.
 205. 27. thee, W. the, V.
 206. 19. fond, T. & W. sound, V.
 215. 5. Æmilius, T. & W. Nuntius Æmilius, V.
 229. 20. Damn'd, T. & W. And, V.
 233. 23. quarrel, W. quarry, V.
 31. nape, W. nave, V.
 34. 'gins, W. gives or 'gins, V.
 37. Discomfit well'd, Thirl. T. & W. Discomfort swell'd, V.
 239. 9. upfix, W. unfix, V.
 11. feats, W. & T. fears, V.
 240. 34. Fief'd tow'rd your life, W. Safe tow'rd your love, V.
 241. 23. night, W. light, V.
 35. perfected, W. perfectest, V.
 242. 25. crown'd thee, W. thee crown'd, V.

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242. 37. himself's not hoarse, W. himself is hoarse, V. & D.
 244. 11. general sence, W. gentle sence, V.
 245. 21. shelve, W. & D. shoal, T. school, V.
 ult. courfers, W. T. & D. couriers, V.
 249. 23. on the blade of th' dudgeon, W. on thy blade and dudgeon, V. & D.
 251. 16. birth, W. death, V. & D.
 254. 31. Aunts, W. And, V.
 256. 1. Unmanly reach'd, W. Unmannerly breech'd, V.
 257. 20. their race, V. the race, T.
 260. 19. 'fild, W. fil'd, V.
 261. 34. disastrous tuggs, W. disasters, tugg'd, V.
 263. 9. scotch'd, T. W. & D. seorch'd, V.
 264. 11. Night, W. Light, V. & D.
 267. 36. gen'ral, W. T. & D. gentle, V.
 268. 36. Can't, W. Can, V. & D.
 269. 24. Thane, T. & W. one, V.
 37. in-deed, T. & W. indeed, V.
 271. 27. son, T. & W. sons, V.
 272. 25. entremes, W. entrails, V.
 275. 28. head, T. & W. dead, V.
 276. 9. air, Anonymus & W. hair, V.
 279. 21. do worship, W. do worse, V.
 280. 25. deserve, T. & W. discern, V.
 282. 30. strikes, W. sticks, V.
 31. summer-teeming, T. & W. summer-seeming, V.
 284. 1. appoint, W. a point, V.
 287. 33. report, V. repeat, W.
 288. 16. fortify, W. satisfy, V. & D.
 290. 28. medecin, W. med'cine, V.
 292. 34. confin'd, W. confident, V.
 293. 36. dusky, W. dusty, V.
 303. ult. bale, T. & W. bail, V.
 304. 10. likes not, W. like nor, V. & D.
 305. 16. suiting, V. shouting, W.
 308. 22. 'fore they remove, W. for the remove, V.
 313. 28. sensible, outdoes, Thirl. T. & W. sensibly outdares, V.
 32. Cato's, Thirl, T. & W. Calvus, V.
 315. 11. Ye Roman gods, W. The Roman gods, V.
 320. 8. camps, as cities, W. & T. courts and cities, V.
 9. made of, W. & T. made all of, V.
 10. hymns, W. & T. him, V.
 322. 11. Embarments, W. embarkments, V.
 324. 10. biffon, T. & W. besom, V.
 325. 14. cup, W. cap, V.
 326. 20. one too, W. & T. two, V.
 328. 21. ware, W. war, V. & D.
 329. 1. prone, W. proud, V.
 31. reach, T. & W. teach, V.
 335. 21. moniter, O. & W. multitude, V.

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345. 19. reckless, W. wreckless, V.
 347. 23. it must be law, O. & W. it must be meet, V.
 351. 23. 24. our, T. & W. one, V.
 353. 28. thwartings, T. & W. things that thwart, V.
 354. 6. herd, W. & T. heart, V.
 355. 2. these Senators, W. the Senators, V.
 16. hand, W. head, V. & D.
 17. soften, W. & T. often, V. & D.
 358. 12. off, W. of, V.
 23. Throng, T. & W. Through, V.
 359. 11. accents, T. & W. actions, V.
 360. 34. for, T. & W. from, V.
 365. 28. appeal'd, W. appear'd, V.
 379. 34. osprey, T. & W. aspray, V.
 380. 13. foiled, W. fouler, V.
 36. rack'd, W. rack'd, V.
 382. 18. not yield to new, O. & W. to yield to his, V.
 21. Force, W. For, V.
 383. 6. narrified, W. verified, V.
 384. 38. poison, V. prison, T.
 386. 36. prate, T. & W. pray, V.
 389. 27. charge, W. & T. change, V.
 390. 12. this, T. & W. his, V.

V O L U M E VII.

3. 28. Marullus, T. & W. Murellus, V.
 8. 10. Death, W. & T. both, V. & D.
 17. 25. elements, W. element, V.
 19. 32. ides, W. & T. first, V.
 10. 13. fourteen, T. & W. fifteen, V.
 21. ult. fate, W. face, V.
 22. 18. stain, V. strain, W.
 26. 21. comfort, T. & W. comfort, V.
 29. 38. were, T. & W. heard, V. are, D.
 30. 9. Of evils, O. & W. And evils, V.
 34. 31. stir, W. fire, V.
 39. 10. lethe, W. death, V.
 40. 33. line of men, W. limbs of men, V.
 48. 7. that side, T. & W. this side, V.
 36. unlucky, W. unluckily, V.
 50. 38. abject orts, T. & W. objects, arts, V.
 51. 21. charge, W. change, V.
 55. 13. not. Still you practise, W. not, till you practise, V.
 29. needst a Roman's, W. beest a Roman, V.
 61. 15. Varro! awake, W. & T. Thou! awake, V.
 63. 12. three and twenty, T. & W. three and thirty, V.
 64. 10. ravenous crows, W. ravens, crows, V.
 68. 19. Thassos, T. & W. Tharsus, V.

Fig.

70. too, Strato.—Countrymen, Anonymus, T. & W. to Strato, countrymen, V.
74. 8. stool, W. fool, V.
75. 8. new, W. now, V.
34. charge, W. & T. change, V.
76. 29. fertile, T. & W. foretold, V.
78. 29. minds, W. winds, V.
81. 33. salve, T. & W. save, V.
85. 6. immature, O. & W. being mature, V.
22. 'dear'd, T. & W. fear'd, V.
24. lacqueying, T. & W. lashing, V.
87. *ult.* pace, W. piece, V.
88. 5. done, W. dumb, V. dumb'd, T.
89. 8. delay's, W. decays, V.
16. pow'r's a crescent, T. & W. powers are crescent, V.
90. 11. ne'er-lust-wearied, T. & W. near lust-wearied, V.
92. 7. them'd, W. & T. theme, V.
93. *ult.* manner, W. matter, V.
94. 1. matter, W. manner, V.
12. approof, T. & W. proof-were, V.
13. Were well deserv'd, T. & W. Well deserved, V.
96. 33. adorings, W. T. & D. adornings, V.
97. 30. blefs'd allott'ry, W. & T. blessed lottery, V.
103. 9. say'ft but what, O. & W. art not what, V.
110. 37. beat, V. bear, T.
113. 38. fortrefs; V. fortune, T.
114. 34. wept, T. & W. weep, V.
117. 8. not took't, Thirl. T. & W. o'erlook'd, or not look'd, V.
27. strain, T. stain, V.
120. 4. ostentation, V. ostent, T. & D.
15. obstruct, T. & W. abstract, V.
121. 4. their, T. & W. his, V.
129. 4. Drink, O. & W. Think, V.
130. 18. Though, T. & W. The, V.
131. 20. deputation, W. & T. disputation, V.
134. 7. discandyng, Thirl. T. & W. discattering, and discandering, V.
136. 14. traits, W. tricks, V.
142. 11. gests, W. & T. guests, V.
36. favouring, T. & W. favouring, V.
145. 25. pantler'd, W. & T. pannell'd, V. & D.
146. 7. doits, W. dolts, V.
16. Led thee, O. & W. Let me, V.
18. shy, O. & W. my, V.
152. 4. Turn from, W. Burn, V.
153. 36. Isis, W. Iras, V.
154. 17. Meeænas, Thirl. T. & W. Menas, V.
156. 18. eternaling, O. & W. eternal in, V.
158. 10. Bereav'd, W. Reliev'd, V.
22. time, W. talk, V.

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159. 20. little O o'th'earth, T. W. & D. little o'th'earth, V.
 159. 27. autumn, Thirl. T. W. & D. Antony, V.
 41. prize, W. & T. piece, V.
 160. 30. procler, W. project, V.
 161. 11. omitted, T. & W. admitted, V.
 163. 33. assur'd, T. absurd, V.
 164. 31. half, W. all, V.
 32. all, W. half, V.
 168. 24. brows, W. bloods, V.
 169. 25. don't extend, O. & W. do extend, T.
 172. 34. yare, W. & T. year's, V.
 175. 11. shine, W. sign, V.
 36. this, W. & T. his, V.
 176. 8. Of's, W. Of, V.
 27. blowing, W. & D. growing, V.
 178. 23. could believe, W. could not believe, V.
 180. 6. afraid, T. & W. a friend, V.
 20. you sufficient, W. you not sufficient, V.
 22. mine, W. your's, V.
 183. 1. change, T. chance, V.
 184. 26. cope, W. crop, V.
 29. th' humbl'd, W. the number'd, V. th' unnumber'd, T.
 191. 10. divorces hell-made, O. & W. divorce he'd make, V. & T.
 192. 4. white with azure lace'd, W. white and azure, lace'd, V.
 5. The blue, W. with blue, V.
 193. 31. that pretty bin, O. & W. that pretty is, V.
 196. 8. tort, W. taught, V.
 11. cure, W. & T. are V.
 31. self-finger'd, W. self-figur'd, V.
 198. 13. Ere, T. & W. Or, V.
 200. 22. Has—done, W. was—dumb, V.
 204. 13. rocks, O. & W. oaks, V.
 208. 3. that, W. but, V.
 ib. them, V. W. & D. ken, T.
 210. 17. P' th' cave, wherein they bow, W. & D. P' th' cave,
 there on the brow, or whereon the bow, V. here on the
 brow, T.
 212. 13. meether, W. mother, V.
 214. ult. mien, W. & T. mind, V.
 215. 20. hap, W. & T. heart, V.
 35. so, T. & W. know, V.
 218. 27. ladies; winning, W. ladies woman, V.
 221. 35. 'or't end, W. or lend, V.
 223. 22. 23. my prize—balancing, O. & W. my prize—balasting, V.
 34. defering, T. & W. differing, V.
 224. 30. comends, W. commands, V.
 225. 3. 4. ill perseverant, O. & W. imperseverant, V.
 7. her face, W. thy face, V.
 229. 7. cure, O. & W. cause, V.

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230. 33. marish, W. parish, V.
 232. 4. carrack, W. T. & O. care, V. & D.
 33. winter-gown, W. & T. winter-ground, V. & D.
 233. 12. He has paid for that, O. & W. was paid for that, V.
 236. 8. very, V. warcy, W.
 238. 36. I've had no letter, O. & W. I heard no letter, V.
 239. 29. 'poy'd, W. cloy'd, V.
 245. 32. I d'off, W. & T. I of, V.
 249. 4. poor luck, W. & T. poor looks, V.
 253. 31. than he th' sweet rosy lad, T. & W. that sweet rosy lad, V.
 257. 28. mock, W. rock, V.
 259. 6. hasting, W. tasting, V.
 265. 20. Sperre, T. & W. Stirre, V.
 269. 10. the virtue, W. a virtue, T.
 30. crusted, W. crush'd, V.
 273. 6. One, T. & W. Two, V.
 274. 2. mich, W. rich, V.
 277. 25. supply, W. apply, V.
 278. 35. not likes, W. is not like, V.
 279. 31. presides, W. resides, V. & D.
 280. 24. stopless, W. topleis, V.
 281. 11. grace; exacts, W. grace exact, V.
 287. 1. windiest, W. whinid'it, V. unwinnow'd'it, T.
 35. bowels, V. vowels, W.
 289. 11. your, W. & T. their, V.
 291. 19. affected'it, W. affected, V.
 292. 10. What, O. & W. That, V. that, O. & W. what, V.
 11. Base, O. & W. But, V.
 294. 4. But, T. & W. And, V.
 297. 15. shent, T. & W. sent, V.
 298. 30. lunes, O. & W. lines, V.
 303. 5. 6. visible, O. & W. invisible, V.
 304. 19. dispouser, W. disposer, V.
 306. 15. prays, W. stays, V.
 311. 1. truth authentic, ever, W. truth's authentic author, V. & D.
 23. inconstant, O. & W. constant, V.
 312. 27. pay, O. & W. pain, V.
 315. 16. sleep, W. creep, V.
 316. 2. rear, W. & D. near, V.
 18. than they will give to gold—Thirl. T. W. & D. than gilt—
 322. 1. intend not sell, W. intend to sell, V. [V.
 324. 8. secrets, O. & W. secretest, V. secret'it things, T.
 328. 37. zeal, W. & T. seal, V.
 332. 4. parcel, W. excel, V.
 333. 35. fire irascible, W. so mirable, V.
 339. 14. obelisk, W. oblique, V.
 344. 27. th' attett, T. & W. that test, V.
 347. 30. caitiff, W. captive, V.
 350. 8. sneering, T. & W. swearing, V.

Pag. Lin.

159. 20. little O o'th'earth, T. W. & D. little o'th'earth, V.
 159. 27. autumn, Thirl. T. W. & D. Antony, V.
 41. prize, W. & T. piece, V.
 160. 30. profler, W. project, V.
 161. 11. omitted, T. & W. admitted, V.
 163. 33. assur'd, T. absurd, V.
 164. 31. half, W. all, V.
 32. all, W. half, V.
 168. 24. brows, W. bloods, V.
 169. 25. don't extend, O. & W. do extend, T.
 172. 34. yare, W. & T. year's, V.
 175. 11. shine, W. sign, V.
 36. this, W. & T. his, V.
 176. 8. Of's, W. Of, V.
 27. blowing, W. & D. growing, V.
 178. 23. could believe, W. could not believe, V.
 180. 6. afraid, T. & W. a friend, V.
 20. you sufficient, W. you not sufficient, V.
 22. mine, W. your's, V.
 183. 1. change, T. chance, V.
 184. 26. cope, W. crop, V.
 29. th' humbl'd, W. the number'd, V. th' unnumber'd, T.
 191. 10. divorce hell-made, O. & W. divorce he'd make, V. & T.
 192. 4. white with azure lace'd, W. white and azure, lace'd, V.
 5. The blue, W. with blue, V.
 193. 31. that pretty bin, O. & W. that pretty is, V.
 196. 8. tort, W. taught, V.
 11. cure, W. & T. are V.
 31. self-finger'd, W. self-figur'd, V.
 198. 13. Ere, T. & W. Or, V.
 200. 22. Has—done, W. was—dumb, V.
 204. 13. rocks, O. & W. oaks, V.
 208. 3. that, W. but, V.
ib. them, V. W. & D. ken, T.
 210. 17. I' th' cave, wherein they bow, W. & D. I' th' cave,
 there on the brow, *or* whereon the bow, V. here on the
 brow, T.
 212. 13. meether, W. mother, V.
 214. *ult.* mien, W. & T. mind, V.
 215. 20. hap, W. & T. heart, V.
 35. so, T. & W. know, V.
 218. 27. ladies; winning, W. ladies woman, V.
 221. 35. 'or't end, W. or lend, V.
 223. 22. 23. my prize—balancing, O. & W. my prize—balasting, V.
 34. defering, T. & W. differing, V.
 224. 30. comends, W. commands, V.
 225. 3. 4. ill perseverant, O. & W. imperseverant, V.
 7. her face, W. thy face, V.
 229. 7. cure, O. & W. cause, V.

Pag. kn.

230. 33. marish, W. parish, V.
 232. 4. carrack, W. T. & O. care, V. & D.
 33. winter-gown, W. & T. winter-ground, V. & D.
 233. 12. He has paid for that, O. & W. was paid for that, V.
 236. 8. very, V. warey, W.
 238. 36. I've had no letter, O & W. I heard no letter, V.
 239. 29. 'ploy'd, W. cloy'd, V.
 245. 32. I d'off, W. & T. I of, V.
 249. 4. poor luck, W. & T. poor looks, V.
 253. 31. than he th' sweet rosy lad, T. & W. that sweet rosy lad, V.
 257. 28. mock, W. rock, V.
 259. 6. hasting, W. tasting, V.
 265. 20. Sperre, T. & W. Stirre, V.
 269. 10. the virtue, W. a virtue, T.
 30. crafted, W. crush'd, V.
 273. 6. One, T. & W. Two, V.
 274. 2. mich, W. rich, V.
 277. 25. supply, W. apply, V.
 278. 35. not likes, W. is not like, V.
 279. 31. presides, W. resides, V. & D.
 280. 24. stopless, W. topleis, V.
 281. 11. grace; exacts, W. grace exact, V.
 287. 1. windiest, W. whinid'st, V. unwinnow'd'st, F.
 35. bowels, V. vowels, W.
 289. 11. your, W. & T. their, V.
 291. 19. affected'st, W. affected, V.
 292. 10. What, O. & W. That, V. that, O. & W. what, V.
 11. Bafe, O. & W. But, V.
 294. 4. But, T. & W. And, V.
 297. 15. shent, T. & W. sent, V.
 298. 30. lunes, O. & W. lines, V.
 303. 5. 6. visible, O. & W. invisible, V.
 304. 19. dispofter, W. dispofer, V.
 306. 15. prays, W. stays, V.
 311. 1. truth authentic, ever, W. truth's authentic author, V. & D.
 23. inconstant, O. & W. constant, V.
 314. 27. pay, O. & W. pain, V.
 315. 16. sleep, W. creep, V.
 316. 2. fear, W. & D. near, V.
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 324. 8. secrets, O. & W. secretest, V. secret'st things, T.
 328. 37. zeal, W. & T. seal, V.
 332. 4. parcel, W. excel, V.
 333. 35. fire irascible, W. so mirable, V.
 339. 14. obelisk, W. oblique, V.
 344. 29. th' attest, T. & W. that test, V.
 347. 30. caust, W. captive, V.
 350. 8. sneering, T. & W. swearing, V.

Pag. lin.

355. 18. smite, W. smile, V.
 356. 4. welling Niobes, W. wells and Niobes, V.

V O L U M E VIII.

8. 20. sun, T. & W. same, V.
 9. 3. ill, O. & W. will, V.
 11. 19. even, W. heaven, V.
 17. 14. fancy, W. T. & D. fairies, V.
 15. shape, V. shade, W.
 18. 8. courtier's, W. & D. lawyer's, V.
 21. 19. fine, W. & T. sin, V.
 25. 21. fight, T. W. & D. night, V.
 30. 18. medic'nal, W. medicine, V.
 21. kin, W. foes, V.
 33. 12. 13. *bon's*, T. & W. bones, V.
 22. now, W. not, V.
 38. 18. another man's, W. any man's, V.
 42. 27. pilche, W. pilcher, V.
 45. 28. heats', O. & W. hearts', V.
 49. 33. even'd, W. vanish'd, V.
 50. 1. Tartar, W. torture, V.
 52. 6. conceal'd, W. conceal'd, V.
 23. An, W. And, V. groth, W. both, V.
 31. atone, W. at once, V.
 54. 11. separate, W. desperate, V.
 55. 31. wot, W. would, V.
 60. 30. so keen, O. & W. so green, V.
 35. As living hence, O. & W. As living here, V.
 65. 24. him, V. hymn, W.
 70. *ult.* some, V. fond, T.
 72. 25. ruth, W. truth, V.
 73. 36. beggarly, V. braggartly, W.
 86. 22. sight, V. spright, W.
 87. 21. try'd, W. true, V.
 88. 12. of heraldry, W. and heraldry, V.
 91. 38. head, W. blood, V. is the throne, W. to the throne, V.
ib. is thy father, W. to thy father, V.
 92. 15. Kind my son, W. and my son, V.
 96. 15. effect, W. act, V.
 98. 21. foil of cautel, W. foil, nor cautel, V.
 99. 16. he a puf, W. like a puf, V. & D.
 100. 10. as the light the day, W. as the night the day, V. & D.
 16. invests, T. & W. invites, V.
 101. 3. wringing, W. wronging, V.
 16. intraitments, W. intreatments, V.
 102. 20. advent, W. intents, V. & D.
 41. bafe, T. & W. ease, V.
 42. worth out, T. & W. a doubt, V.

Pag. lin.

103. 5. earth, W. death, V. & D.
35. deprave, W. deprive, V. & D.
104. *ult.* too, W. to, V.
110. 34. an utter scandal, O. & W. another scandal, V.
111. 14. or Sire, W. or so, V.
39. even yourself, O. & W. in yourself, V.
113. 5. noted, W. quoted, V.
116. 20. beatified, T. & W. beautified, V.
117. 17. see too, W. she took, V.
18. For, W. And, V.
118. 21. a god, kissing, W. a good kissing, V.
122. 22. cyafes, T. & W. yafes, V.
129. 18. Most free, W. Niggard, V.
19. Niggard, W. Most free, V.
22. o'er-rode, W. o'er-took, *or* o'er-raught, V.
130. 31. affail, W. sea, V. & D.
131. 1. th'time, W. time, V. & D.
132. 18. name, *added by* W.
137. 28. 'fore, W. for, V.
138. 9. Malhechor, W. Malicho, V.
144. 36. better, W. bitter, V.
146. 10. will, V. & D. th'll, W.
27. th'offence, V. & D. th'effects, W.
37. cannot, V. & D. can but, V.
147. 8. sole, V. & D. fall'n, V.
35. 'sconce me even here, O. & W. silence me c'en here, V.
149. 13. and, as, 'gainst, W. as against, V.
16. it thunders to the Ladies, W. and thunders in the Index, V.
36. notion, W. motion, V.
152. 21. habits evil, Thirl. T. & W. habit's devil, V.
161. 18. d'opt, W. dupt, V.
162. 35. ward, W. & T. word, V.
164. 25. fine, V. fall'n, W.
34. wheel, V. weal, W.
166. 1. tax, W. ax, V.
169. 10. wealth, W. health, V.
170. 13. sigh, V. sign, W.
178. 9. virgin-chants, W. virgin-rites, V.
179. 28. fun, W. zone, V.
34. Ere, W. When, V. & D.
180. 17. Our, V. Or, W.
181. 2. mark the—bane, W. & T. make a—brains, V.
15. commerce, W. & T. comma, V.
184. 40. compliment, W. did so, Sir, *or* did comply, V.
185. 3. fann'd, W. fond, V.
190. 8. wing, W. sing, V.
193. 18. let, W. led, V.
26. (as of old), W. by old, V. & D.
194. 29. spred, W. spied, V.

Pag. lin.

197. 6. despited, W. despised, V.
 198. 23. Unbonnetted, V. Unbonnetting, W. and bonnetted, T.
 200. 6. culled, W. & T. curled, V.
 13. notion, T. & W. motion, V.
 201. 11. the aim, W. they aim, V.
 206. 30. ourself, W. yourself, V.
 207. 8. pieced, W. & T. pierced, V.
 40. and storm of fortunes, V. to forms, my, V.
 209. 2. belighted, W. delighted, V.
 210. 15. disseat, W. defeat, V.
 23. loches, W. locusts, V.
 29. errant, W. erring, V.
 36. night, V. spite, W.
 213. 40. terrestrial, W. essential, V.
 217. 31. prayer, W. power, V.
 220. 19. brach, W. & T. trash, V.
ib. cherish, W. crush, V.
 222. 25. deem, T. & W. damn, V.
 225. 72. all sense of place, O. & W. all place of sense, V.
 229. 15. denotement, T. & W. devotement, V.
 231. 34. hie, O. & W. I'll, V.
 234. 25. take, V. make, W.
 235. 20. cloaths, W. gloves, V.
 236. 39. knaves, W. none, V.
 237. 17. Think, W. Though, V.
 238. 21. make more, W. are most, V.
 243. 9. ear-piercing, V. fear-sperling, W.
 245. 32. th'unhallow'd, W. thy hollow, V.
 34. parted, W. hearted, V.
 246. 15. remord, W. remorse, V.
 247. 7. bid, W. & T. by, V.
 38. strong, W. young, V.
 250. 38. wrangler, W. warrior, V.
 252. 35. tempts not, they, W. tempts and they, V.
 253. 2. propertied, W. protectress, V.
 17. suppled, T. & W. supplied, V.
 34. induction, W. instruction, V.
 256. 5. rogue, W. Roman, V.
 260. 13. raze, W. & T. graze, V.
 262. 18. thence, W. there, V. & D.
 34. bale weed, W. weed, V. & D.
 268. 22. forsook her, W. prov'd mad, V.
 23. she prov'd mad, W. did forsake her, V.
 282. 3. For what then serves, W. But what serves for, V.